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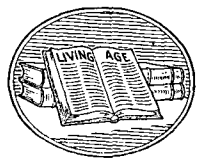

Vol. 14
Eighth Series

CONTENTS

Trotzky's Speech to the Petrograd Soviet 1
From the Petrogradskaya Pravda

The Congress of Paris: A British View . . . . SIR FREDERICK MAURICE 7
From the Contemporary Review

The Future of German Foreign Policy . . . . KURT OSCAR MÜLLER 15
From the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

Revolutionary Days in Alsace . . . . . ALFRED DÖBLIN 18
From Die Neue Rundschau

Education by the Humanities . . . . . W. F. RAWNSLEY 26
From the Cornhill Magazine

An Admiralty Farm 33
From Blackwood's Magazine

Some Literary Aspects of France in the War . . . . EDMUND GOSSE 41
From the Fortnightly Review

An Essay on Dinners 51
From the Saturday Review

Meredith Revealed . . . . . ROBERT LYND 54
From the Nation

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

The German Merchant Fleet 57
From the Morning Post

The Need of an Inter-Allied Financial League 58
From Le Figaro

Talk of Europe 60
Bolsheviki at the Theatre — The End of the U-Boats — Le Mot Juste — Von Bethmann and the Kaiser — News of the Wandering Jew — Tossing the Pancake — Jenny's New Brother — A Letter from Lord Lansdowne

The Editor's Note-Book 63

A PAGE OF VERSE

If I Had Ridden Horses . . . . . THEODORE MAYNARD 64
From the New Witness

Remembrance . . . . . THEODORE MAYNARD 64
From the New Witness

Night and Night . . . . . JOHN FREEMAN 64
From the New Statesman

Winter Morning . . . . . KATHARINE TYNAN 64
From the Dublin Review

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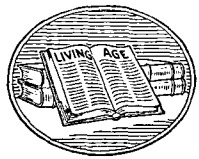

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APRIL 5, 1919

TROTZKY'S SPEECH TO THE PETROGRAD SOVIET

COMRADES, — Two months and a half ago I made a speech here to the Petrograd Soviet and the Congress of Soviets of the Northern Territory. It was just after we had surrendered Siberia to the Czecho-Slovaks and the White Guards, and a few days before we surrendered Kazan, one of the saddest moments in the history of our young Soviet Republic, that I came to you from Moscow, where it was decided at a meeting of the Soviet of the People's Commissioners, and at party meetings, at a time of danger — grave danger to the Soviet Republic — to return here where this republic was born, to return to Red Petrograd and say to the Petrograd workmen, to the Petrograd Soviet, 'The threatening hour of trial has come, and we await support from you.' I remember, and you all remember, that the Petrograd Soviet then unanimously, with true, inmost enthusiasm, which bore witness to its determination, responded to the appeal, and sent hundreds, many hundreds, of the best sons of Petrograd's working class to the front. I was on the Eastern front with them during that month when we were trying to take Kazan, and I watched your representative workingmen, the comrades from Petrograd.

If we took Kazan, if we took Simbirsk, if we cleared the Volga, it was, in an enormous degree, thanks to those workers whom we sent from here. They created our army there under the enemy's fire. We only sent the raw material there, young men, unconsolidated forces. The living soul had to be poured into them. They had to be welded together, they had to be given self-confidence, a united, centralized command had to be created. The personnel for the command had to be attracted; and, where political control was needed over them, authoritative workers were wanted who would be a guaranty to our soldiers that those in command would not deceive them or bring them into trouble. All this was done by representatives of the Petrograd working class. You took Kazan, you took Simbirsk, you cleared the Volga, you, the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Red Army Deputies! I told you then that, in our War Department, there was no doubt that we could create a strong, forcible, compact army, and a strong navy, perhaps not numerous for the time, while we are cut short in what we can do at sea, but a navy which can be developed when international conditions make that possible, and international conditions are changing every day in our favor. We have

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created a river flotilla on the Volga, where, as I remarked at our meeting here yesterday, our sailors have fought and are fighting with incomparable heroism. Some vessels of the Baltic fleet, of course only the smaller fighting units, have been transferred there with first-class, hardened, revolutionary crews. There the White Guard are retreating down the Volga and on the Kama, and have surrendered the mouth of the Byelaya. In these battles perished, as I have mentioned, one of the best representatives of the Baltic Fleet, Nikolai Grigoryevich Markin, the founder of our Volga flotilla, second in command to Comrade Raskolnikov.

We created a Red air-fleet. This is the most delicate form of armament: among the airmen were many elements demoralized by the old Grand Ducal régime, and the profession itself was very aristocratic. The airmen do not live as a corporate body (*artel*), but as individuals, and many of them look down on the army. We were told: 'You will not have an air-fleet, they will fly over to the enemy.' There were cases in which they flew over with their machines: there were cases here on the northern front where airmen deserters were caught, and, of course, shot, but I must say that these were isolated cases; they might create a false impression among you as to the actual feeling in our Red air-fleet. We had many heroes in our Red Army, among the infantry and cavalry, and among the sailors, but if you obliged me to award the palm of eminence to anyone, I should say that the airmen held the first place in the battles around Kazan. They knew no danger, and they were engaged there under the most incredible conditions. They undertook reconnaissances of the utmost importance in storm and by night; they established a liaison service and terrorized the enemy by ruthless bombardment.

There fell into our hands the diary of an intelligent White-Guard woman, who lived through all this month of strife in Kazan, and there on every page the work of the Red bandits of the air — that means our airmen — is spoken of with horror and hatred. And now they have been spread out on all the fronts: on the southern front against the Cossacks our Red airmen will shortly display their strength. I wanted to tell you that our Red Army is spreading itself in all directions, upward as well. We shall establish a durable, centralized, strong apparatus, morally sound at heart, because the Red Army is bound together by that unity of feeling which the revolutionary representatives of the Petrograd and Moscow proletariat have brought into it. Literally, regiments who came from the villages and were but little educated or enlightened have in the course of two or three weeks been morally regenerated under the influence of leading workmen. I remember one group. The picture just now came up before my eyes. It was one of the saddest and most tragic nights before Kazan, when raw young forces retired in a panic. That was in August, in the first half, when we suffered reverses. A detachment of Communists arrived: there were over fifty of them, fifty-six, I think. Among them were such as had never had a rifle in their hands before that day. There were men of forty or more, but the majority were boys of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. I remember how one such smooth-faced, eighteen-year-old Petrograd Communist appeared at headquarters at night, rifle in hand, and told us how a regiment had deserted its position and they had taken its place, and he said: 'We are Communards.' From this detachment of fifty men twelve returned, but, Comrades, they created an army, these Petrograd and Moscow workmen, who

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went to abandoned positions in detachments of fifty or sixty men and returned twelve in number. They perished nameless, as the majority of heroes of the working class generally do. Our problem and duty is to endeavor to re-establish their names in the memory of the working class. Many perished there, and they are no longer known by name, but they made for us that Red Army which defends Soviet Russia and defends the conquests of the working class, that citadel, that fortress of the international revolution which our Soviet Russia now represents. From that time, Comrades, our position became, as you know, incomparably better on the eastern front, where the danger was the greatest, for the Czecho-Slovaks and White Guards, moving forward from Simbirsk to Kazan, threatened us with a movement on Nijny in one direction, and, in another, with one toward Vologda, Yaroslav, and Archangel, to join up with the Anglo-French expedition. That is why our chief efforts were directed to the eastern front, and these efforts gave a good result. The Volga has now been cleared from its source to its mouth. And if the Krasnov bands did attempt to cut in again between Tsaritsyn and Astrakhan, near Tsaritsyn, Svetly Yar, and Sarepta, well, as you all know, this effort was crushed by our Steppe army, which overthrew Krasnov's numerous forces, overthrew the manœuvring battalion of officers, took the staff prisoner, seized all the artillery, and, according to the latest information, was pursuing the troops that were fleeing in panic in all directions. The Volga has been freed at Samara and Syzran, and our affairs on the Ural are going incomparably better than before, for on the Volga, we have freed important forces that are moving far on to the east. On the Ural we have approached Orenburg and Ufa after taking Bugulma. The fall of Ufa and Orenburg is certain in the near future, and Ekaterinburg's fate is a foregone conclusion.

It is true that while advancing to the east we lengthen our communications, and this always makes more difficulty. But we must take into consideration the fact that while advancing to the east we are seizing important military bases, for the enemy is retiring everywhere in a panic and is leaving at our disposal enormous military stores, and, what is more important, valuable works which serve for the production of munitions. The result is that not only we, but our military bases, are advancing, and our military position is improving, not becoming more difficult.

Archangel and the Murmansk front represented a great danger for us until we became convinced that that expedition could not join hands with the Czecho-Slovaks and the White Guards on the Volga and on the Ural. This danger may now be regarded as past. It is true that in their *communiqués* the White Guards say that they have evacuated Kazan, Simbirsk, Volsk, Khvalynsk, Syzran, and Samara for strategic reasons. We, of course, cannot make any objection to all this dirt having cleared out of the territory of the Soviet Republic for strategic reasons connected with their operations. But I remember how, when they tried to surround our army in Sviyajsk, they brought from Samara and Simbirsk some officers' manœuvring battalions from newly mobilized regiments. Savinkov, Fortunatov, and Lebedev marched at the head of these troops to crush our forces that were struggling near Kazan. They were driven off, suffered a defeat, and issued a *communiqué* for the White Guard population: 'We fulfilled our task, we retired in complete order in the full sense of the expression.' This was not a strategical manœuvre, but something else — like

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the panic-stricken retreat of whipped hounds. So that there is no ground to fear that these two fronts will be joined up. And once this is so, then the Archangel front, to which we, of course, must give our full attention, ceases to be threatening, at any rate for the near future, during the winter months. The White Sea will soon freeze, and communication between the expedition and the English metropolis will be interrupted.

They will have to retire to the Murmansk coast that does not freeze. But it will not be difficult for us in this land of starvation, cut off from England by ice, to crush the English expedition with small forces. There remains the southern front, and to it I direct all the attention of the Petrograd Workmen's and Red Army Deputies' Soviet. It is quite natural that, here, you concentrated all your attention on the northern and northeastern fronts, sent your best forces thither and were occupied in sustaining, morally and physically, the forces dispatched to those parts.

And now, Comrades, we are living in times when the lines of international politics are changing their course with immense, with catastrophic swiftness. England thought Savinkov's White Guards were stronger than they proved to be. In the French Legation and in the French Embassy (*sic*) I was told that the former French Ambassador, Noulens, just before the Yaroslav revolt summoned Savinkov and told him that on such and such a date he must raise a revolt in Yaroslav. Savinkov answered that this was a hopeless affair. Noulens, in reply, showed him that they must join hands with the Czecho-Slovaks, whose armies were already disintegrating, and, therefore, Savinkov's help was essential. Noulens formulated it in this way: 'We do not give millions to your organizations in order that you should refuse to do what we want, and when we want it.' And then Savinkov organized the Yaroslav revolt.

At that time we were weak, but, nevertheless, the Yaroslav revolt was crushed and all the Entente missions were swept out of Vologda. A strict revolutionary régime was set up there; the counter-revolutionary plots were cut off, and the northern operations of the Franco-English Imperialists were uprooted.

They are now turning all their attention to the south, not only because they have suffered defeat in the north and northeast, but, first of all, because, for the time being, the interrelation of forces has changed. Germany, having brought into subjection the Balkan peninsula, Rumania, the Ukraine, and Trans-Caucasia, was trying to effect a dictatorship in the Northern Caucasus.

Now the situation has radically changed, and the Anglo-French and American plunderers have discounted this to begin with. The orientation is now changing in all the Balkan countries. Previously, they were the vassals, the mercenaries, of Germany; now they are making ready to become, within twenty-four hours, or twenty-four minutes if required, the subject or half-willing vassals and mercenaries of Anglo-French Imperialism. This has already happened in Bulgaria, it is happening in Turkey, it may happen to-morrow in Rumania, and it has been for a long time in preparation in the Ukraine. To the land-owning and bourgeois classes there, it makes no difference whether Skoropadskyism is on a German or an Anglo-French basis. The Ukraine knows that she cannot expect thanks from Skoropadsky, that he will sell Ukrainian land and Ukrainian grain to Germany just as he would to the Anglo-French Imperialists.

Then, the Caucasus, too, at present is a place where the endeavors of English Imperialism and the weakening endeavors of German Imperialism are at

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cross purposes. Baku was seized by the Turks, but there is reason to think that it will pass to-morrow into the hands of the English. After Baku it will be Astrakhan's turn, and then that of Cis-Caucasia. The Krasnovites, who at present are shooting German ammunition from German rifles, will to-morrow aim all their artillery according to the dictates of English Imperialism. Krasnov will carry out these measures without hesitation and in this will unite with Denikin, who continues to carry on Alexeyev's business.

Just now, Comrades, the chief danger threatens us, not from the north, and not from the east: this is a more distant danger; the months of this winter will roll by and the spring that follows must come before the danger from the Archangel side becomes a real one, or the Japanese can move their divisions toward old Ural, if their warlike imperialistic pretensions go so far.

The danger in the south is much more immediate; if the Straits are opened by England's and France's fleets, if an Anglo-French expedition appears on the shores of the Black Sea, this will mean a radical change of Krasnov's front, a change of the whole of Southern Russia, on the signal of danger from the Anglo-French mercenary bands, supported by Russian White Guard bands; this means a blow at Soviet Russia from the south.

Germany is too weak just now to be a menace to us. England and France account themselves sufficiently strong still; they are at present passing through such a period as that which Germany passed through during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, and the conclusion of the treaty.

Germany needed six months to fall a victim to her own crimes. England and France, who reached their culmination six months after Germany, require perhaps six or eight weeks, because history works at a feverish rate, and because the patience of the popular masses is being the more exhausted and indications of a catastrophe are visible in imperialistic politics.

It may be hoped that in a few months, and it may be in a few weeks, the Anglo-French will be weaker than at present, but in the next few weeks they are an immediate and menacing enemy to us. This enemy threatens in a much greater degree from the south than from the north, therefore, all our attention must be directed toward the south. Our first and chief problem is, not to allow Krasnov to cross the front, not to give him an opportunity to join hands with the Anglo-French and receive military support from them.

How is this to be achieved? It is very simple: Krasnov's and all these bands must be wiped off the face of the earth in the next two or three weeks. The Ukraine, as you know, during her negotiation with us, refused to define the frontier with us and stated that it was the territory of the Don Republic there and this did not concern Soviet Russia. Now, when we clear the Don Republic of the Krasnov bands, we shall have no frontier with the Ukraine; she herself did not want to have this frontier, and we will seek it in conjunction with the Ukrainian workmen and peasants. The evacuation of the Don territory will be a death-blow to all the Ukrainian bourgeoisie and to both of the counter-revolutions: to the already waning German scheme, because this will be the ruin of Krasnov, to whom Skoropadsky appealed for military help in establishing Ukrainian Cossackdom; it will also be ruin to the Anglo-French scheme, because it reckoned on Krasnov for the best reasons. In this way it will be a death-blow to the whole Ukrainian counter-revolution. There can be no doubt that, when the Red Army regiments enter Rostov and Novocherkask,

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Soviet barricades will be erected in the streets of Kiev and Odessa. A revolution in the Ukraine, which, of course, we do not regard with indifference, — and we shall occupy the post that becomes Soviet Russia,—means a mighty concussion for Rumania and the whole Balkan peninsula. Austria, which is now too closely bound up with the Ukraine, if only from the fact that Austrian, as well as German, troops are quartered there, is being more and more drawn into the rapids of the Ukrainian revolution. The knot of European Imperialism, or even of World Imperialism, is tied in the south of Russia, and especially on the Don front. The knot of the European revolution is tied there, together with it, at present, and this knot we must cut in the shortest possible time. We have transferred to that part a sufficient quantity of military forces, we are stronger than our enemy, and we hope to show this very soon indeed; but we need those same Soviet workers whom we had, and have, on the northern and eastern fronts, where, by their work, they secured the victories we have gained. So far there are in the south but few of you. Petrograd Comrades! There is not yet in the political or military organization of the administration of the front that revolutionary temper, that hardness and determination, which can only be given to the Red Front by the Petrograd and Moscow proletariat, that, with or without rifles, says, 'I am a representative of the Petrograd Soviet, I am a Communard, and I know my post, which I will not desert, nor will I allow others to desert the posts assigned by the Republic.'

I have been again sent to you, to report that the centre of attention of the Soviet Republic is now the south, which is farther away than the north, but cannot be farther from your political consciousness and your revolutionary preparations, because it is there that the fate of Soviet Russia and the World Revolution is now to be decided. I reported here yesterday to the leading Comrades of Red Petrograd, and they, of course, quite rightly drew my attention to the fact that Petrograd has given many men to all fronts; and everywhere I am always being accosted in the train by some Petrograd or Moscow workman who is now president of the Executive Committee or of the Extraordinary Commission, or is District Commissioner—a youth of nineteen or twenty. I know that you have given many men, and those not the worst, to all the fronts in the provinces, but still I feel myself too much a man of Petrograd and a member of your Soviet not to know your strength and what you can do. I know that Petrograd is a Red hydra; cut off a hundred heads and in their place thousands of new ones will grow. I come again to you and say: Comrades, before the spring thaw which makes the fields impassable to military movements, before the spring thaw which makes the advance difficult, we must achieve decisive operations. We must enter Rostov and Novocherkask, clear the Don and plant a firm foundation for the predominance of Soviet power in all the Northern Caucasus. From the military point of view, Comrades, we have done all that we could. We now need a firm revolutionary support. Give us your Petrograd proletariat, gladiators, ready to go into fire and water, and carry whole masses with them; insure our young forces against signs of cowardice and hesitation, give us, in a word, true representatives of the Petrograd Soviet, give us all you can of such workers, and you will see that over Rostov and Novocherkask will float the Red Standard of the Soviet Republic.

The Petrogradskaya Pravda

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THE CONGRESS OF PARIS: A BRITISH VIEW

BY SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

As I write, the Peace Conference has just completed its first month's work, the first draft of the constitution of the League of Nations has been laid before the assembled delegates, President Wilson has set sail for America with a copy of this draft in his pocket, Mr. George has returned to England, and Signor Orlando to Italy. This is, therefore, a good opportunity for stock-taking, for seeing how the Conference has done its work, the difficulties it has overcome, and the difficulties which lie ahead.

The machinery of the Conference is in appearance complicated and cumbrous. Demands for speeding up its work have been incessant, but none of the critics have put forward any practical or constructive proposal for the improvement of the machinery, and under the prevailing conditions it is not very easy to see how it can be improved. The Plenary Conference, which meets in the great Clock Hall of the French Foreign Office, is composed of sixty-six delegates from thirty States. Its proceedings are necessarily bi-lingual, every speech made in English being translated into French and every French speech into English. Obviously such a body is singularly ill-adapted for the rapid transaction of business. Therefore, it meets but seldom, and its proceedings are almost wholly formal. The first task of the representatives of the five Great Powers who have constituted themselves a Committee of Management of the Conference was to reorganize its procedure in such a way as to reduce the necessity for debate and discussion at the Quai d'Orsay to a minimum, and to obtain general agreement on any particular question before it is presented to the Plenary Session. The real work of the Conference is, therefore, being done outside the Clock Hall. Twelve separate international committees have been constituted to deal with such matters as the Society of Nations, responsibility for the war, international labor legislation, international waterways, reparation for war damage, international economic problems, and a variety of territorial questions. These committees are at work simultaneously, and report to an International Secretariat of the Conference, which prepares the business for the Plenary Session. All these committees were not created at once. The Plenary Session authorized the creation of eight at its meeting of January 25, and the remaining four have been added since, while it is extremely probable that yet more will be needed. Having arranged for the committees to get to work, the representatives of the five Great Powers, who have become known as the 'Council of Ten,' undertook themselves, in order to expedite the dispatch of business, those less complicated questions which did not require reference to a special commission. These questions included the fate of the German colonies, the disposal of the territories conquered from Turkey, and preliminary investigation of the claims for the readjustment of their frontiers put forward by some of the smaller Powers, such as Greece, Serbia, Rumania, and Belgium. During the course of the

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month the Supreme War Council, commonly known as the 'Versailles Council,' has met to deal with matters arising directly out of the operations of war by land and sea, such as the renewal of the armistice, the fulfillment of the terms of the armistice by our enemies, and the situation in Russia. It is obviously convenient that the Versailles Council, which through its permanent Secretariat has all the strings in its hands and is acquainted with the history of the events with which it deals, should continue this work rather than transfer its functions to the Peace Conference or to some new body created by it.

We have, then, at work in Paris at various times, as matters become ripe for consideration by the suitable authority, firstly, the Plenary Conference; secondly, the committees of the Plenary Conference; thirdly, the Council of Ten; and lastly, the Supreme War Council. The Council of Ten would have avoided much criticism and made their task easier if they had explained their methods. At an early stage the waters were ruffled by a breeze, when the smaller powers complained that the Council of Ten were arrogating to themselves too much authority. This arose from the discovery by the representatives of the smaller Powers that a seat at the table in the Clock Hall, to which great importance had been attached when the preliminaries of the Conference were being arranged, was more honorific than useful, and that a place in the committee rooms was of much greater value. The difficulty was amicably settled by allowing the smaller Powers increased representation in committee and by getting them to settle among themselves how representation should be distributed.

The second attack upon the Ten was originated by the opponents of the League of Nations, who, while prepared to accept the league as a harmless ideal, desired a prompt settlement with Germany on the traditional lines which the victors of the past have followed in dealing with the vanquished. The popular sentiment in favor of 'getting on with the peace,' and the natural desire of all who have suffered in or by the war to see the chief criminal brought to prompt punishment, the public impatience for definite results, and the difficulty of following the daily work of the various commissions and committees, which appeared to jump from Europe to Asia and thence to Africa, without rhyme or reason, were all skillfully used by these gentlemen, and for some time, particularly in France, the Conference had a bad press. These are forces which are still at work, and it is more than probable that the cry of 'Get on with the peace' will again be raised in the same quarter before the Conference concludes its work. It is for this reason that I have been at some pains to explain how the Conference is organized. This organization, if not perfect, is at least honestly designed to facilitate the effective establishment of a League of Nations; and all the arguments and discussions which it has aroused bring us back sooner or later to the one vital question — is the league to be the foundation of or an appendage to the peace? If it is to be the foundation, then the settlement with Germany must await the acceptance of its principles.

The events which preceded the assembly of the Conference were not of the best augury. M. Clemenceau made a speech which appeared to favor a reëstablishment of the Balance of Power, and stated plainly his doubt whether France would in any other way get the security which was vital to her. In America, President Wilson had suffered an electoral reverse, and his plans for the League of Nations

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were freely criticized as vague and impracticable. In Italy, where there had been a wave of chauvinism, Signor Bissolati, the most able and influential of the Italian champions of the league, had been hooted in Milan. Only in Great Britain were President Wilson's ideals supported by any great weight of public opinion, and this support had been weakened by doubts and anxieties as to what he meant by 'the Freedom of the Seas.' It is important to remember this, if we are to appreciate how much has been accomplished in the first four weeks. I attribute the change of tone which became apparent very soon after the delegates had assembled, first, to the influence of President Wilson's tour of Europe; secondly, to the unity of Anglo-Saxon opinion; and thirdly, to the general atmosphere of good-will and to the readiness of all in authority to make concessions for the common good. The immediate acceptance by the people of every country which President Wilson visited of the fact that he represented a new order of ideas, and the conviction, to which his visits gave stimulus and expression, that a new order of ideas must go to the repairing of the old world, had great effect in Paris. This effect was enhanced by the early realization by the American contingent, delegates, officials, and journalists, of our sincerity of purpose, of our real will to make sacrifices in the interests of the world's peace. The consequence of this was the formation of a solid block of Anglo-American opinion, which, naturally, commands great respect. In what I have already said, and in what I have yet to say, there are and will be references to differences of view. These differences should be recognized and met in time, for unless the peace which is to be, and the league which is in the making, are supported by an enthusiastic and unanimous public opinion in the countries of the Allied and Associated Powers, neither will give us the solution for which the world is craving. I do not, however, wish to exaggerate these differences, which are more apparent outside than within the Council Chambers. If neglected they may become formidable, but up to the present time the most striking and satisfactory feature in the work of the Conference has been the ease with which difficulties have been overcome, when once those whose views are not wholly in agreement have been brought together.

For all these reasons the Conference opened on January 18 in a much more promising atmosphere than had at one time seemed probable. The week which followed was the most critical in the development of the League of Nations. Those who were eager for an immediate settlement with Germany did not in the least object to the league receiving a general benison from the Conference. They hoped that it would then be referred to a committee, from which it would emerge at a later stage after what they regarded as the real business had been settled. During this week President Wilson established his name in Europe as a man of affairs. Those who had regarded him as an amiable and high-minded philosopher now found to their surprise that his unshakable faith in his principles, his skill in applying those principles to specific problems, his unfailing good humor and tact in reconciling opposite views, his power of getting complicated business through committee, marked him as an administrator and a man of affairs of the first rank. Before the second Plenary Session he had, with the cordial support of our delegates, won his point. The League of Nations was to be the foundation of the peace, and January 25 may be marked as its birthday.

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On that day the full Conference passed the three following resolutions:

1. It is essential to the maintenance of the world settlement which the Associated Nations are now to establish, that a League of Nations should be established to promote international coöperation, to insure the fulfillment of international obligations, and to provide safeguards against war.

2. This league should be created as an integral part of the general Treaty of Peace, and should be open to every civilized nation which can be relied upon to promote its objects.

3. The members of the league should meet periodically, and should have a permanent organization and secretariat to carry on the business of the league in the intervals between the conferences.

The spirit of these resolutions was immediately reflected in the establishment of a number of committees which the Conference authorized the same day, to examine and report upon international problems. The more important of these committees will continue the processes of removing and smoothing over the difficulties of international administration for a common purpose which have been gradually built up by the Allied and associated Powers during the war. Their object in the future will be less the removal of a common danger and more the promotion of a common good. They will, if they are effective, — and there is no reason for supposing that they will not be effective, — of themselves obviate most of the causes of friction and the clash of interests which have sown the seeds of past wars; they will take the place of much of the old cumbrous machinery of diplomacy, and will bring into direct touch those who in each country are charged with like problems of administration. These decisions have the effect of clearing wide roads for international communication, which has hitherto been confined to the narrow and tortuous channels of the Foreign Offices of Europe.

The resolutions of January 25, then, marked a vital stage in the efforts to remove the causes of war, but they deal in the main with the future, and to-day most of the peoples of the Old World are concerned with very present and practical difficulties. The Allied armies in Europe and in Asia are in occupation of large stretches of conquered territory, and territory means much to a generation which has been brought up to regard the annexation of provinces as the hall-mark of victory, and to watch anxiously and suspiciously for designs in each nation upon its neighbors' landmarks. It was broadly hinted that noble aspirations and vague generalities might have no specific application, but that the occupation by Great Britain of the majority of the German colonies and of a great part of Asiatic Turkey was a reality, as was also the fact that the frontiers of the Balkan Powers and of the new republics of Eastern and Southeastern Europe were undefined, and that each wanted something which was in the hands of a neighbor. If the principles of the League of Nations were to be applied to the resettlement of the world, it was necessary to give a prompt example of their application to some particular problem. The chance arose when the disposal of the German colonies, which was taken in hand by the Council of Ten during the last week of January, came to be considered.

We may be proud of the fact that it was our delegation, under the leadership of the Prime Minister, which set the example. After some opposition from Mr. Hughes, which was magnified quite unwarrantably into a definite and serious conflict of opinion, the application of the mandatory principle to the German colonies was unanimously accepted. French opinion was at first far from cordial in its reception of this news, mainly because the conception

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of a mandate for the administration of territory was new and its meaning was not understood. Our French friends, with bitter recollections of difficulties in Egypt, in the Congo, and in Morocco, were very naturally and rightly hostile to the suggestion that the League of Nations, or some supranational authority, should undertake the business of government. Nothing of the kind was ever intended. The proposal is that territories which have been conquered from the enemy, and are inhabited by peoples who are not yet able to govern themselves efficiently, shall be administered in every case by one power, selected by the league as best fitted, by reason of its resources, experience, and geographical position, to receive its mandate to govern the territory in the interests of the inhabitants. For all the more backward territories, the league will draw up rules for the guidance of its mandatories, so as to insure uniformity of administration in such matters as freedom of conscience or religion, the prevention of such abuses as the slave trade, the arms and liquor traffic, the prohibition of the creation of naval or military bases or of native military forces, except such as are necessary for police purposes. In all territories held under the mandate of the league, there will be equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of all its members; none of them may be exploited in the interest of the mandatory power.

While it may be taken as certain that the mandatory principle will be applied without exception to all the German colonies, its application to the territories conquered from Turkey has yet to be settled, and here there are still difficulties to be overcome. The mandate for most of the German colonies will naturally fall to us and to our Dominions, and our responsibilities are already likely to be so great that there is no desire to increase them. France, Italy, and Greece have claims and interests in Asia Minor, while France has historic and commercial associations with Syria. The position is further complicated by the existence of various secret treaties and agreements, made during the course of the war with little or no regard for the wishes and aspirations of the peoples concerned, while these wishes are sometimes conflicting. The Arabs, for example, are not friendly to the idea of a French administration of Damascus, and would prefer our tutelage; but this would unquestionably arouse the suspicion and jealousy of the French, whom the inhabitants of Beyrout and of the Lebanon desire to have as their tutors. The acceptance of the mandatory principle does not, therefore, cut the Gordian knot, and the problem of Asiatic Turkey still requires tactful and careful handling. The difficulties will be much eased and possible causes of friction avoided, if America can be induced to accept a mandate and to employ a part of her vast resources in the cause of civilization outside the American continent. The Old World is on the verge of bankruptcy, and without America's practical help the new methods of government will not start under favorable conditions. Unless they have adequate financial backing, the trustees will not be in a position to develop the estates they administer in the interest of their wards. This is a proposal which has not so far been very warmly received in the United States, where there is a natural aversion to anything savoring of interference with the politics of the Old World, and to undertaking an experiment in administration for which there is neither precedent nor experience. Much, therefore, remains to be done before even the extra-European territorial problems are resolved; yet the acceptance of the

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mandatory principle gave at once a reality to the League of Nations, which before was lacking, and the effect of this was immediate. It was at once seen that the Congress of Paris was in earnest in its intention to apply new principles to the drafting of the terms of peace, and that the mere fact of possession would cease to have the weight it used to carry with the old diplomacy. A warning issued by the Great Powers, that the process of claim-jumping and land-grabbing, which had been going on in Eastern Europe since the armistice was first signed, must cease, was promptly respected. The Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles began to compose their differences, while Italy, Rumania, and the Jugo-Slavs agreed to await the decision of the Conference as to their future frontiers, and the atmosphere was immediately cleared.

All these questions, grave as they are, become secondary in comparison with the problems of the future of Russia and of Germany. These are the tests by which the decision to make the League of Nations the foundation of the peace will stand or fall. The atmosphere of Paris is not altogether conducive to calm judgment and cool decision. France is to-day quite naturally dominated by the sense of escape from an appalling disaster, and is just beginning to realize that she is free, after living for close on fifty years under the perpetual menace of invasion. The stream of criticism which has poured from the Paris press almost without intermission since the Conference opened is the expression of this emotion. The daily demand is for security, for immediate settlement with Germany, for the restoration of order in Russia. If we are to carry France with us, we must appreciate her point of view. For years after 1871 she lived under the sense of her isolation and weakness in face of the Central Powers. Then the Russian Alliance came to her as the means of salvation and of restoration to her old position in Europe. In gratitude she poured her millions into Russia, and when the great trial came Russia proved a broken reed. Half the bourgeoisie of Paris have some part of their savings invested in Russian funds. To-day the chief thought in the mind of the average Frenchman is that France, with her forty millions of population, will have seventy-five millions of Germans as neighbors, and that there will be no effective counterpoise in Eastern Europe. The howl which greeted the issue of the invitation to the Prinkipo Conference was a *cri du cœur* rather than an expression of reasoned opinion. It was taken as an official recognition of Bolshevism, and the idea of parleying with the wreckers of their hopes was abhorrent. The Council of Ten have themselves to thank for most of the criticism which the Prinkipo Conference has aroused, because they vouchsafed no explanation of their objects and intentions. Now that explanations have been given, the proposal is being examined more judicially. Even in France the practical difficulties in the way of armed intervention are accepted. Personally, I am convinced that, if it were practicable, it would be a gross blunder. All the most reliable evidence is to the effect that the military power of Bolshevism is on the decline. The peasants are growing daily more and more weary of disorder and mob rule. The Bolshevik government is less and less able to feed them, and its influence is proportionately diminishing. The one measure that would rally its adherents would be to give it the occasion for raising the cry that the Allies were interfering with the sovereignty of the Russian people and its right of self-determination. The possible courses are to con-

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fer, to do nothing, or to endeavor to isolate Bolshevism. It is by no means certain that the Prinkipo Conference will be held, because the Powers have insisted that before it assembles all hostilities in Russia shall cease, and that the various Russian governments shall send delegations. Neither of these conditions has yet been fulfilled. Should the Conference not be held, or fail to produce any practical result, there remains the alternative of assisting the anti-Bolshevik governments in Russia to establish order in their own districts on condition that they adopt a defensive attitude toward Bolshevik Russia. This is the policy of forming a 'sanitary cordon' round Bolshevism. Whether it is practicable or not depends upon the agreement of the anti-Bolshevik governments to act in unity, in accordance with a policy defined by the Great Powers; and it is by no means certain that without some such measure as the Prinkipo Conference such agreement can be obtained. There the Russian problem at present rests. There is no need to emphasize its difficulties, and of all the questions which the Conference has attempted to tackle this is the one with which least progress has been made.

The other outstanding difficulty is to convince France that she will find in the League of Nations the security for which she asks, and that she will get it in no other way. Every Frenchman alive to-day has been brought up to look for security in military force and in a strategic frontier. His one desire at the moment is to avoid all danger of his beloved country again becoming the cockpit of Europe. The advantages to be gained by removing the causes of war by means of international agreements upon questions where the interests of nations clash or overlap appear to him to be vague and remote. He has not naturally the sea sense, and does not readily appreciate the immense power which an economic blockade, backed by overwhelming force at sea, will confer upon the League of Nations. He doubts the efficacy of the moral deterrent which a general agreement among the members of the league to exercise force in support of its decisions would afford. He wants the league to have at its disposal an adequate military force ready to strike at a moment's notice—in other words, an international army under supra-national control. This strikes at the root principle on which the constitution of the league has been drafted. That constitution has been deliberately planned so as to interfere as little as may be with the sovereign rights of the States which will constitute the league. It is a constitution which does not pretend to be final or complete, but is capable of improvement and development as experience in its working is gained. President Wilson made this quite clear in his speech on February 14, introducing the constitution to the Congress. 'Armed force is in the background of the programme, but it *is* in the background, and if the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall. But this is the last resort, because this is intended as a constitution of peace, not as a league of war. The simplicity of the document seems to me to be one of its chief virtues, because, speaking for myself, I was unable to foresee the variety of circumstances with which the league would have to deal. I was unable, therefore, to plan all the machinery which might be necessary to meet differing and unexpected contingencies. Therefore, I should say of this document that it is not a strait-jacket but a vehicle of life.'

The draft constitution of the league has been placed before the delegates for their consideration and criticism. So

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far, criticism in France has fastened upon those articles which deal with armaments and with the exercise of force in support of the decisions of the league. It may be possible to strengthen those clauses and to give the league power and authority to carry out inspection of naval and military establishments, so that it may receive timely warning of the preparations of any power to endanger the peace of the world. I believe, however, that public opinion in France is moving much more rapidly toward acceptance of the principles laid down in the draft constitution than is indicated by the tone of the Paris press. Frenchmen are coming round more and more to the view put before them by President Wilson when he spoke in the Chamber of Deputies on February 3, that under any other solution France will inevitably be crushed by the burden of armaments, and that '. . . the sacrifices which may be demanded under the league are as nothing to those which would be required without it.' The truth is that no solution on the old lines can make France safe. A strategic frontier on the Rhine or beyond it will not alter the fact that on one side of the frontier there are seventy-five million Germans and on the other forty million Frenchmen. How useless in these circumstances any arbitrary arrangement of a frontier line must be has been well illustrated by a controversy which has been agitating France for the last fortnight. Accusations have been made that the famous ironfields of Briey, which fell into the hands of the Germans in the early days of the war, were not bombarded, and that no attempt was made to recover them, because of the pressure which the owners of the mines exercised on the French government. This is a matter of French domestic politics which does not concern us, but during one of the several debates on the matter in the French Chamber, M. Viviani, the French Prime Minister at the outbreak of war, stated that the French government had at the end of July, 1914, ordered all French troops to be withdrawn ten kilometres from the frontier in order to avoid any incident which Germany might translate into an act of aggression, and to make clear to the world the sincerity of France's desire to keep peace. M. Viviani might have added, that express orders were also issued that no French troops were to enter Belgian or Swiss territory, and that no flying was to take place over these territories. These orders do honor to the French government, but they unquestionably conferred an enormous advantage upon Germany, in that they gave her time to conceal her preparations for attack, and enabled her to effect a great military surprise. No military frontier can confer defensive advantages if it is treated in that way. Yet one may anticipate, and, indeed, hope, that any democratic power sincerely anxious to avoid war will, when confronted by the danger of aggression, behave as France behaved in 1914. It is not in that direction that security lies.

The Conference has in the past paid too little attention to the feelings of France on this matter of security, and one of the consequences of this neglect was the outburst of exaggeration of Germany's powers of resistance to the will of the Allies which preceded the recent renewal of the armistice. The question of this renewal ought long ago to have been considered in connection with the whole work of the Conference. This is now being done, and by the time this article is in the hand of my readers it may be expected th Germany will have been required proceed with her demobilization d to a scale which, while allowin sufficient force for the mainten internal order, will convince

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that any resistance by armed force to the terms which the Conference at Paris decides to impose is absolutely impossible. Germany will, in fact, be required to lead the way in disarmament as she led it in armament. I anticipate that when these results have been obtained France will approach the League of Nations in a calmer and more friendly spirit, and will recognize it, not as an enunciation of vague principles and high ideals, but as the only practical solution which has yet been advanced of the world-problem of today, and as a real 'covenant of fraternity and friendship.'

The Contemporary Review

THE FUTURE OF GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY

BY KURT OSCAR MÜLLER

THE appointment of a foreign secretary argues optimism, as it assumes the survival of a united Empire at a time when everything seems to have collapsed. However, as a resurrection of internal policy is likely to spring from the new National Assembly, the consciousness of the importance of foreign policy is sure to benefit. The unmistakable language of the revolution has forced all parties to a frequently suspicious change of view in internal policy, but, apart from Radical reformers, whetting their zeal upon the representatives and external manifestations of our foreign policy, there is little sign in the German people and their leaders of an attempt to sift out which of these past aims must be rejected and what new ones set in their place.

The industrious interpretations of the ideas which, even during the war, worked for its end on a basis, not of victory, but of justice, cannot be regarded as a sufficient fulfillment of this duty. Certainly the League of Nations has become the means and end of foreign policy, and the honorable application of its principles are so advantageous for the States among which Germany in the future must count herself, that it would be a stupid mistake not to remind our enemy perpetually that he himself proclaimed this war as the final war, and that a happier and a juster world was to spring from the ruins. But much has happened since great masses of the German people, disgusted at the bloodshed and fearing a peace based on pure violence, lent an ear to the humanitarian ideas from over the ocean. Our right to the League of Nations remains, but the question arises whether our claim for its fulfillment will be admitted to the Court of Justice (as such the Peace Conference threatens to establish itself), and whether we shall have a spokesman there. Our experiences in the armistice negotiations are not encouraging. It is clear that every one of our weaknesses will involve a sacrifice, and these can be diminished only by the number of strong points we are able to show.

Germany entered the war to defend two great ideas of foreign policy. Her continental position, secured against the West, was to be secured against

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Russia and developed into a magnificent territorial basis of a peaceful world-policy, by preserving Austria-Hungary and drawing in the Balkans and the Near East. This policy, however, was based economically on the overseas trade of the industrialized Empire, so that it was necessary to wrest at least the freedom of shipping and equal trade-rights from the practical monopoly of England. Germany has not succeeded in both these aims, and their close connection has involved the Eastern victory in the Western defeat. Since our statecraft was unable to prevent the collision of these great tasks with the interests of the other Great Powers and their connection with France's historic reckoning, it was perfectly right to pursue these two objects by force, since the one could not be attained without the other. Later criticism will probably conclude that the war was bound to be won or lost as a whole. If certain men claim to have known in July and August, 1914, the impossibility of the task, they increase their own guilt, but not that of the people or of those who inspired them. Czernin in his speech of December 11 confesses that victory was impossible after the entry of Italy, Rumania, and, later, America. Now that all blame is thrown on German policy for its lack of insight, it should be remembered that Austria and Hungary were not prepared to make the timely sacrifices that would have kept Italy and Rumania out of the war. Even those, however, who saw the necessity, can be excused for thinking that such sacrifices could be compelled only by defeat. Only in the West, where the conditions were not alone military, but economic and ideal as well, did the strength of the Central Powers fail and bring the great objects of the war to bankruptcy.

We have to examine whether these aims have now disappeared from German policy, whether they can be replaced by others, or whether aimlessness is the necessary consequence of defeat. The Germany of Bismarck and of Wilhelm followed no mere ideal abstraction. The geographical position of Germany and Austria-Hungary, their linguistic community, compels a common attitude to the national problems of the European east and southeast. The idea of Mitteleuropa did not arise from the war, neither has it vanished with it. The visions have faded, but the problem remains the same so long as Germany exists as a unified Empire. The connection of the Empire with German Austria must be carried through even against the wishes and intrigues from abroad. Admitted that Panslavism, which in the past sought to burst asunder this union, is triumphant in the newly arisen West Slav States, the Imperial idea of Great Russia is for the moment broken. This situation presents new problems. The opposition to Russia is not removed, but alleviated. The relation to the States of the Czechs and the Southern Slavs should emphasize our common economic interests, and the whole Eastern policy should follow the methods of compromise now that the Dardanelles question has been eliminated, on which Imperial Germany clashed with Panslavism. It must be remembered that common interests might unite Germany even with the Soviet Republic should the Western Powers continue to bar to us the road to peace and a resumption of our political and economic future. The Entente should not be given the impression that Germany performs unpaid services against Bolshevism purely on behalf of the principle of order. Between two enemies one chooses the lesser, and the one which is the enemy of the other enemy. Plain language on this point would tend to make the Entente aware that

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it is bad policy to treat vanquished Germany as a passive tool.

Whether Germany should arm against the Bolsheviki depends on the Entente treatment of the second aim of German foreign policy. Germany's economic needs, her population problems, and the necessity for export trade point to the pathways of the seas. The armistice conditions have placed this question entirely in the hands of the Entente—England and America especially. The exorbitant demands of the enemy, especially of revengeful France, amount to complete annihilation of German economic life. Faced with the choice of slow strangulation by the Entente, or collapse under Bolshevism, councils of despair would gain in force. Here we come up against the intimate connection between home and foreign policy. Germany appeals to the solidarity of labor and the common interests of the workers of all lands, even the Entente. It sets up the social State, and invites the proletariat of all lands to internationalize labor processes. We propagate the idea of free international traffic and a share in the world's raw products, as against the brutal and exclusive exploitation of the Entente.

What success may follow these methods is uncertain. Paris and London may be so blinded as to throw to the winds Wilson's moderating proposals and seek to draw the last deductions from Germany's collapse. The armed force of the Entente is to-day, perhaps, able to crush Bolshevism also, even should it spread over a lethargic Germany. For this possibility we must prepare ourselves. The historic example of France points the way. After 1870, France protested against the injustice of the Treaty of Frankfort. We shall protest against the injustice of 1918 and 1919. With a national energy which won the admiration of the world, France set about erasing the damage of 1870, and as early as 1878 amazed the world by an Exposition that proved the new development of her industries. The new army was fast bound to the idea of the Republic, and in both State and army the sacred fire of national ideas was nourished. In such-like tasks would Germany's inner-State education and foreign policy meet. The more merciless the conduct of the foe, the stronger would this synthesis of ideals become, even among the slow-witted Germans. For this reason clever England has always preferred milder methods; but, apart from the fact that she cannot treat even vanquished Germany with the same complaisance as Portugal or the Boer State, she is withheld from a diplomatic policy by the passionate irrationality of France.

Whoever follows the present aimless juxtaposition of our individual foreign tasks of the moment might say that Germany has no policy but to conclude peace. National abdication and elimination of the connection between past and future in the consciousness of the people would be the fateful consequence. It is true that our relations with such countries as Rumania, Bulgaria, Peru, or Japan cannot be settled yet; but what we can do in the ruin of our foreign policy is to lay the foundations for the building of our State in general, and therewith also of its foreign tasks. Then, however, for all emergencies we must keep alive the consciousness that no ruin, be it ever so deep, can compel us to despair of the future or acknowledge injustice as justice. More than ever since the beginnings of Bismarck's work does the guidance of our foreign policy coincide with the task of national leadership and education of the people.

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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REVOLUTIONARY DAYS IN ALSACE

BY ALFRED DÖBLIN

ONE Saturday morning early in 1919, the Strassburg *Neue Zeitung* reported:

Our telephone dispatches from Berlin have not arrived to-day. The line is not open. We hope to be able to explain the reasons to our readers soon.

In the afternoon I was at the office of the head inspector, who reported the situation, without special excitement, like an old functionary. A government officer from Saarbrücken was there. He had just received a telephone message from his superior to put on civilian clothing. Sailors had arrived. There was a revolution like that at Kiel. At the same time the garrison commander from the neighboring watering-place of N. called up to send guards quickly, for the people had started a revolt. The head inspector chuckled:

'It's a mad world. Everything topsy-turvy. Keep your head! Keep your head!'

During the day there was some trouble in the barracks of our little garrison town, in which sailors were the prime movers. In the forenoon the soldiers marched out of their barracks to the military headquarters and occupied it without encountering resistence. The senior officer, General S., lost his temper. They threatened to break his sword. Thereupon, everything went off in an orderly way.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, following many extraordinary rumors, music suddenly struck up in the barracks street. A great multitude of soldiers came along in disorder, with their hands in their pockets and without arms, following a wildly waving red flag. A sergeant was leading them. They wound their way up the street in a disorderly manner to the doors of the barracks. The sentries laughed and let them through. They passed from one building to another. The procession grew steadily longer. There was hurrahing and shouting. The civilians crowded after them. They got the prisoners from the guardhouse. Before long, half the town was tagging behind them. I pressed forward and talked with some of the soldiers. They are not going to take orders from any officer after this: that is done with. And there is going to be no more throwing a man in the guardhouse if he overstays his leave. That was all they had to say. I ran after other soldiers and asked them to explain why they were all so happy. The war is over and they are going home. To-day taps will not sound until eleven o'clock at night. They are not going to salute their officers any more.

There is unusual tension and excitement in the town. The population crowds into the streets, which are already packed with soldiers. The latter wear red arm-bands. All of the barracks and military establishments have emptied themselves of their occupants. There are young recruits, cripples from the military hospitals, and old reservists.

The Alsatians look on with an expression of countenance as if they were watching a masquerade. The thing is done. We are checkmated. We cannot mend things.

Rumors are current that the French have broken our lines at Saarburg. They will be here in one or two days.

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By Jove! What is going to happen to us? Extra papers were issued at dusk — little local sheets. We hastened to buy them. They were read aloud to the crowds standing by. Yes, this is the second disaster. The first was the speech of Prince Max requesting an armistice, which was such a ghastly exposure of our situation. Now the Kaiser has abdicated — the Kaiser and King. The government has been put in the hands of Ebert, actually in the hands of the Social Democrat, Ebert. But that is only a by-play, this transfer of the government. The fact is that we are in the midst of revolution. Berlin is in the same situation that we are. The government has not been given to Ebert; he has taken it. Here I sit in this accursed corner. The French are on our heels. How am I to escape? I want to get to Berlin.

Sunday morning my people greeted me with smiles at the hospital. They wore great arm-bands. The passages were empty. The desks at the office were unoccupied. The sick were lying in bed in their wards, unattended. One Sister of Mercy was wandering about. Everyone had run off to town early in the morning. A Soldiers' Council was being organized, and they had to elect a representative for the hospital. There in the ward lay a dead man — an influenza victim — right among the living patients. There was no one to prepare him for burial. I hunted through the hospital. An officer took pity on me. Only a day before officers of high rank stalked through this very house. They had honorary titles and wore orders. They were inspector-generals and sergeant-generals, and everybody trembled and bowed down to them. They inspected each corner. An orderly tagged after them with a book. Every little table was noticed. Every omission was checked up, the repair of the beds, the painting of the blackboards at their head. There are still hanging over the door lists of all the chairs, curtain-poles, and cuspidors in the ward. Now at a single stroke—! The old undertaker's assistant met me and saluted sadly. He had served at this hospital for thirty years. Who is going to pay his pension?

In the afternoon great mass meetings occurred on the parade ground. It was a sunny autumn day. On the way there little D., our X-ray assistant, met me with a photographic camera; but after exchanging a few words escaped, as he did not want to be seen in company with a German. In the square itself — a beautiful, broad little square with tile roofs — we found a crowd of disorganized soldiers with red cockades, surrounded by a circle of excited civilians. There was a roar of voices and a flash of light.

Look! The officers are in their midst. They have been degraded. They are pale, and without their shoulder-straps, standing in timid groups like lambs in a wolf's den. Look yonder! There are some cockades — the appointed victims.

The windows and balconies of the houses on the market-place were full of civilians. They were radiantly joyous, and maliciously amused and contemptuous and overbearing. In the window of Café G. were crowded the tall, well-fed citizens of higher rank, smiling, or rather grimacing, animated, unconcernedly watching the show. There, with his hands in his pockets and a first-class cigar in his mouth, was little fat M., head of the Food Office, a millionaire famous during the whole war. He nodded his head. 'Fine work for the Prussians.' The lawyer W. was clearly at a loss for enough jokes. He talked to the people on his right and to those on his left, pointing out first this group of soldiers and then another. The honorable Burgomaster M. was there. Of course he was there! Pre-

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viously he had mimicked a Prussian government assessor. On the present occasion, however, the fine young fellow was posing in French artist fashion at the window. He was thoughtfully pondering a French address, which he was to deliver here two weeks later.

(A few days before some fellow on an inspection trip delivered a witty, sarcastic speech at the railway station in Pechelbronn to the crowd all a-quiver with expectation, closing with: 'Now let us sing once more that beautiful song, "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles."')

Music is heard. The infantry is approaching. The red flag bobs up and down in the hands of their leader, who is laughing like a boy. They all exhibit their new freedom by walking with their hands in their pockets and their pipes in their mouths, or else by jogging along arm in arm. The crowd of civilians opens to let them through. A table is brought from the café, carried high over the heads of the crowd. A man climbs up on this and begins. People stand on tiptoe. A soldier is speaking. A second man. He shouts hoarsely:

'Must n't happen again. Is not permitted. Is a disgrace for the soldiers.'

At the training camp at O., men broke into the barracks, pillaged them, and sold the horses to the civilians. I ask myself in astonishment, what has this got to do with the revolution? What do people mean by acting that way? But one notes that it is simply a part of the business.

The senior officer of the garrison, in his brilliant general's uniform, stalks slowly behind us through the jesting, jostling crowd, stern-looking and as supercilious and well-groomed as ever. He paces back and forth a couple of times, addressing no one and saluted by no one, and then disappears. Just to think how formerly, wherever he went, fear and trembling accompanied his presence!

A private soldier, an Alsatian is gesticulating from the table. He would not have joined the movement if such plundering was to occur. 'You all know me.' (To tell the truth the soldiers in the Soldiers' Council are no fools. They are not permitting the citizens to organize a home-guard until the garrison has left. They do not permit a single Alsatian in their council. They are not going to give the people arms to use against us. In addition, to-night all the soldiers are to be disarmed and no more officers are to rattle sabres.) Another man is now standing on the table. He is a northern German from his dialect, and addresses himself to the people of the town. They ought to rejoice with us. We, too, have freed ourselves from foreign rule. Note well that he says, 'We, too,' right on the market-place in H., a German speaking to Alsatians. I record it for permanent record. The bourgeois circle of civilians receives all these announcements and injunctions respectfully, assumes its new functions comfortably, and lets itself be flattered. A few begin to steal away. The balconies become empty. The thing gets to be tiresome. It is time to have coffee. The dogs fancy themselves secure. Just wait, my gentlemen, your laughing time will soon be over. Finale. Music. They march away.

The revolution gives evidence of itself at home. Early in the morning my servant left with 20 marks. That is the way one celebrates a revolution. The peasants bring in no milk for the children. For some time they have not chosen to do so. Monday morning we have our annual fair. Many civilians are wearing red arm-bands, but we also notice the tricolors. The local papers caution the people to restrain their sentiments and not to irritate the soldiers

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unnecessarily. My colleague, S., has returned from Kreuznach. We discussed some of the disconcerting conditions. He said to me reproachfully:

'Now you've got your revolution, you with your *Frankfurter Zeitung!*'

Meanwhile, a report reaches us that the Belgians and French are fraternizing with our revolutionary soldiers at the front, and that English vessels are flying the red flag. I am nearly taken in by these reports. Anyway, I get some satisfaction out of them and think that I will call upon some of the gentlemen. On the street I meet our worthy head pharmacist, W. He listens with dismay to my rejoicing.

'So!' I laugh. 'Now, there is no more blue, white, and red, or black, white, and red. Nothing but red, red, red everywhere.'

Only a few days before we had devised a charming sign for him. A blue, white, and red border, and within it his name with a tremendous acute accent on the final *e*. I enter some other drug-stores. The poison-mixers are equally perturbed. Professor E., whom I met on the way to the railway where he is going to Strassburg, shaking the dust of H. from his feet, laughs and raises his hand protestingly. He is an Alsatian, and replies:

'A victorious army never starts a revolution.'

The conditions of the armistice, which came out in extra editions of the newspaper, attracted hardly any attention. The domestic situation has absorbed all our interest. The war has been swallowed up in the revolution. To be sure, we observed the Alsatians standing around in groups and fairly intoxicating themselves with the number of locomotives and cars which we have got to deliver. Certainly they are lucky. The Strassburg *Neue Zeitung* of Sunday heads its principal editorial, 'Fragments.' It speaks disrespectfully of Wilhelm, who wanted to smash the Alsatian constitution to fragments, and who by his undignified clinging to the throne had brought things to desperate straits. Now the whole German constitution was in fragments, etc.

'All the so-called solutions of the Alsace-Lorraine question are to be viewed from the same standpoint, whether an autonomous federal State, or neutrality, or a popular vote. Democrats as we are, we do not shrink from saying that we refuse a popular vote to-day. It would only be a way to bamboozle France. Moreover, it is our firm belief that even the strongest repressive measures would no longer make such a thing effective. We know what we want. Our open protests, not only at Bordeaux, but also in the elections of 1873 and at Berlin, prove this, and it is certainly false to assert that the Alsatian people were not asked to express themselves concerning annexation. Their wishes were clear and definite, and the world has known that they were for nearly fifty years. If there is to be a popular vote it would have no meaning except as an inquiry from the French as to whether we wished to remain part of France. We burn with eagerness to answer this question to the French.'

This is a very appropriate reaction to the liberation of Germany. To these people it means liberation *from* Germany. That is no surprise.

In our little village we had a meeting of the common council in the afternoon. The honorable burgomaster, former assessor, made a report upon the changes that have occurred in the Imperial Government. He stated that the hour has come and all that, following the same lines of thought as the article entitled 'Fragments.' The next day, in the sewing-room, where the patriotic women's union for gifts and for bandages for the wounded, ordinarily

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plies its labors, twenty sewers were secretly sewing. They were employed, in behalf of the city, making new flags. We know what the colors are.

In the course of Monday night we heard rifle-shots about one o'clock. (Two nights earlier I had been wakened about the same hour by rifle-shots, and about ten o'clock there had been an alarm of an air-attack. However, the aviators merely dropped notices saying that they would arrive on the 15th. When I inquired the next morning what the shots meant, they told me it was a Bavarian troop train. The people did not want to go any further. They made a row at the railway station, detached cars, and shot up the signal lights.) The present night the shooting resulted in a little skirmish with an unlighted auto, which arrived from Strassburg and was captured by the sentries at this point. The automobile was passing through the street with armed soldiers. It was not learned what they intended to do, but one heard rumors that they proposed to seize a barracks. It was clearly a case in which only Alsatians were concerned, who wanted to go home, together with their auto.

We had a new experience Tuesday, when there was pillaging in Barracks Street. The barracks form a long gigantic block of buildings. The civilian population, intermingled with soldiers, crowded around the doors at three or four points. Many of the civilians were country people with their flat hats and short jackets. They had brought hand-carts, horses and wagons, and spans of oxen. Several kept in the background. They approached from all the neighboring highways. Before one of the yellow barracks stood a crowd of one hundred men, struggling, jostling, and shoving each other to and fro. As I approached I saw that several windows in the second story were open. Suddenly soldiers without caps stuck their heads out and laughed. All at once a number of soldiers appeared standing at the windows above. They leaned backward and threw out whole armfuls of boots, and other material. Then they turned back again and threw out more boots, scattering them in every direction. The crowd precipitated itself upon them. Boys ran away with one boot. The people collected in compact masses, fighting, shouting, and quarreling. Wagons and carts crowded up. There were guards of soldiers before the entrances, which to-day are locked. Guards of soldiers were in front.

For the most part the soldiers when doing sentry-duty no longer carry their rifles on their shoulder or slung on their backs with the muzzle upward. They have quickly adopted the Russian style of carrying them slung with the stock upward. The way they wear their caps has changed, and likewise indicates a certain copying of the Russians. The soldiers on guard-duty all wear new uniforms. The report has got abroad and is very credible that immense stocks which cannot be carried off are in the storerooms. The men did not wish to leave them for the French.

But these newly-clothed soldiers were regularly delivering their apparel to the greedy peasants and civilians in the background. Soldiers kept going into the barracks without any control, repeating the trip as often as they could. In the background, in the neighboring houses, and behind the wagons they were reclothing themselves in their old uniforms (thus establishing their claim for another new suit from the army store, having sold the one they had just brought out).

Toward evening the situation changed. The eager civilians had been chased away. Sentries had established a cordon across the streets. No civilians

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could approach. We heard also that the storerooms had been locked, and that some were already empty. The people of the city were crowding through the streets in a remarkably high-spirited, joyous, feverish way. Everywhere one saw sacks being dragged along. Never were there such crowds in the town as now. Miserable Russians just released from imprisonment mingled in the crowd with their bundles. Furniture van after furniture van rolled through the principal streets toward the railway. The taverns were packed with men. Hidden supplies were brought out.

Of course, the French will bring whatever is needed with them. Trains are waiting at Nancy, loaded with white bread and red wine. The price of liquor falls precipitately. A man can buy fat geese for 5 marks a pound, where yesterday he had to pay from 12 to 15 marks.

I no longer wear my shoulder-straps, but somebody shouts to me on the street:

'Comrade, you must remove that cockade!' I remove it. Most of the officers I meet are in civilian clothing. Each one tells me how he plans to get away. The officers write out their own furlough permits and sign them themselves, or have them signed by the Soldiers' Council. The Soldiers' Council approves everything. Most of the superior officers have already left, naturally in civilian clothing. Among them is General S., who yesterday attended a session of the Soldiers' Council in order to make necessary arrangements for the departure of the regiments. The rumor has it that after a brief address he sank back upon his chair and wept, saying, 'You can realize how hard this is for me.' To-night the Dragoons march away. They go on foot across the Rhine to Baden. How comfortably our native colleagues parade about. One said to me comfortingly, on my admission that I do not derive much pleasure from the prospect of exchanging the flesh-pots of Alsace for the turnips of Berlin, 'Certainly measures will be taken to prevent a famine in your country. You will get something. Depend upon it.' I replied, 'But this disgraceful armistice.' 'Oh, that will be mitigated. They merely want to humiliate the army. Don't worry about that.' We certainly have been brought to the dust. Everybody around us is happy, stealing, plundering, and thinking of his possessions. We have been struck to the ground as by a miracle over-night. We are being trodden under foot. A great number of wagons and people are hastening down B Street to the aviation field. Most arrive too late. The aviation field, we are told, was left absolutely unguarded. The civilians and soldiers got in and seized an immense quantity of supplies, great stores of gasolene and of metals. Finally, when it was too late, they posted double guards.

Toward evening little M. appeared. His first name is Aaron. He is a trader, and a distant relative of the fat millionaire. He arrived a year ago from Rumania, just recovering from the cholera, nervous, propitiating, pitiful, and timid. The most cruel form of Prussian sergeant discipline had done its worst with him, a defenseless Jew, who could not protect himself except by begging, bribing, and flattering. He finally succeeded in escaping with his misery to this little city. How he is rejoicing in his civilian clothing! 'What would you have? Is a man really a human being so long as he is a soldier? Is a man really considered a human being by the officers? And if an Alsatian got sick? Then he had to visit the staff physician. But he never disturbed himself, with his monocle in his eye and his cigar in his mouth. "You

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are merely a d——d Alsatian."' How happy he was! 'Ah! It was bound to come. It has been coming for a long time. I hope the big heads will feel it. They were always commanding, commanding, and sticking it out, and we were in the corner.' So he continued an endless story of his sufferings, sometimes humorous, and sometimes pathetic. He told how the Prussian ladies in the early days of the war interested themselves in a dignified and imposing way in hospital service. He described all their mutual jealousies: how a pharmacist had entered one of these women in his prescription book under the heading, 'Die Sau'; how this became a government matter; how he was assigned as orderly to this lady; how she used to order, 'Go over to my regiment — to my regiment.'

An officer's wife, whose child was ill, said to me a few days before, when I visited her, 'Well, if they depose our Emperor I don't want to live any longer.' It was no affectation on her part. It was her real feeling. But I meet her now. She is still living, and is merely worried about what is going to happen to her furniture. 'And our Crown Prince. Such an elegant gentleman.' Yes, what can you reply to that? The lady had her faith. She did finely with it. How is she to understand people of different ideas. When I discuss these things with her, she thinks that perhaps the good things of the world might be divided a little more equally and justly. But the only people to blame are the rich peasantry and the bankers. 'They might change that; but our Kaiser? And surely they cannot change everything. Consider a country squire, who rules his little domain like a small king, and everything runs along perfectly and the people depend on him and swear by him. Now if that should be overthrown?'

Then I go to Sister Grete's day nursery. She has lived in Alsace a long time, but is German to the bone. She is much depressed. Not long ago she searched in vain for a home for her parents in Southern Germany, but she could not find anything. Her father is connected with the office of the architect of the cathedral at Strassburg, a position that carries a pension. He is an old man. Will the French take him over? What has happened to our great rich Germany? See how the railway cars look. Why, the cushions are all torn and cut. There are no curtains. Even the netting is gone from the bundle-carriers. There is no heat. The locomotives just crawl along. They have n't any coal. The machinery does n't work. There are beggars on the street everywhere, asking for bread. Why, it is enough to make you distracted. She will never, never become French, but she has no recourse but to stay here.

On Wednesday we were left without orders. Our commanding officer, our head inspector, our sergeant, were all away under one pretext or another. The hospital was to be demobilized. We impatiently awaited our turn. There was a fearful lack of cars. Three hundred were called for and only twenty available. We had transferred all the seriously ill to the City Hospital. When I went to the hospital on Wednesday the undertaker's wagon was waiting. A man in one of the wards had suddenly died. The fearful grippe takes its toll unceasingly. Trunks were packed in all the quarters, and wards were cluttered with straw, hospital materials, and books. Everywhere we heard the hammering of packing boxes being nailed. The great rooms filled with porcelain and utensils were still quite full. Women were standing about. It was not clear who was in control.

We are to leave on Thursday. Obviously there has been a lot of stuff

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stolen. One of the stretcher-bearers from the City Hospital company was detected trying to carry off the marble tops of the furniture. Just think, the marble tops of the furniture! All the rooms of the administration building are empty. Men are going from one room to another. Baby-carriages are constantly passing out without being inspected, under the pretext of taking away cabbages.

Thursday evening, under the glow of a magnesium light, our special train lumbered slowly out of the station. We traveled all day long. We were nearly frozen. Three hogs and two goats were to be killed to feed our passengers. We might have been abundantly provided. What happened to them finally? We spent a day at the freight station at Würzburg. I took a walk through the street. A red flag was flying over the palace. A red flag in broad daylight! Posters were pasted on the columns signed, 'The Republican City Commander.' What sort of a world are we entering? For several days no papers have been received except the local Würzburg paper, which bears the motto, 'Away from Berlin.' The Clericals are speculating upon Bavarian national pride and employing the *Berlin Terror* to gain their ends.

Wednesday we reached Berlin. I went to the ceremonies in honor of those who fell during the revolution in Potsdam Place. On the way a Social Democrat procession passed me. There was a red flag in front. Respectably clad, peaceful men and women followed, singing the 'Marseillaise.' I got the impression of a little local society outing. The crowd in Potsdam Place was not as large as usual on such occasions. The procession marched through the whole city to Friedrich's Grove. The long column carried wreaths with red ribbons and red flags and proletarian mottoes. These are the only evidences of a revolution. It is merely an old-fashioned bourgeois celebration on a gigantic scale.

I must have time to adjust myself to all this.

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EDUCATION BY THE HUMANITIES

BY W. F. RAWNSLEY

In my judgment, there can be no worthy education which is not based on the study of the highest thoughts of the highest men in the best shape.— EDWARD THRING.

ABOUT two years ago Miss Mason, at Ambleside, told me of the new method of education which had been started in a Yorkshire school. She was keenly interested in the experiment, believing that it had very great possibilities, and she asked me, when I could, to visit the school. The method, she told me, was to teach children by 'the humanities' — that is, by giving them really good English literature and by getting them to read this in considerable quantity, taking a whole book, or a whole period of history, or a whole play or long poem, a plan which was recommended by Matthew Arnold when a School Inspector nearly fifty years ago. Further, no snippets or selections were to be allowed, and no memorizing of lessons. The child was to form its own mental picture of the scenes read, and thus to keep them in its mind.

Accordingly, I visited Drighlington School, Bradford. Here I found that from the lowest forms upward — and in the lowest form of all not *all* the children are able to read — the teaching was being done in all literary subjects by the teachers reading with clear enunciation and in an interested manner, at first about half a page, increasing in quantity as the child advanced in capability, until some five pages or so would be read, of a book of sufficient interest to arrest. *This must only be read once* — that is the great point — and then a child is called on to stand up and say back again what it has just heard; in one lesson or another each child in turn is called on to take up its parable, and it is most amusing to see how eager they all are to be selected for narration; and as they all know that it will only be read to them once, they can't afford not to attend and so lose their only chance. Hence, a habit of close attention, which soon gives each child the power of fixing and retaining in its mind anything it hears. Moreover, as in their narrative they use the very words of the book, with occasional breaks into their own natural home language, they soon form their sentences on the style of the book, and so, since only good literature is supplied, they begin to speak and write in a cultivated and excellent manner.

Miss Mason started with the assumption — the truth of which the new method has proved to be well-grounded — that the mind of every normal child is of much the same quality, though of different calibre, and capable of receiving the same training and producing very similar results, quite irrespective of the social class to which the child belongs. In short, that mental powers have no reference to class, the only difference being in individuals.

Then it was laid down that each child is a *person*, and to be treated as such, and looked upon as able to assimilate any good mind-food presented

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to it and to feel delight in so doing. Every child's natural curiosity makes it eager for new knowledge, and fresh knowledge brings fresh joy and fresh power, and Bacon's dictum is seen to hold good, that 'Studies are for delight' —a theory which becomes an admitted fact when you see, as I have often done, the keen looks of happy expectancy on the faces of the whole class.

The usual elementary-school teaching doubtless imparts some knowledge and gives some sort of pleasure to a minority both of the teachers and the taught, but it brings with it also, to the majority of the children, a sense of weariness and a feeling of 'What is the use of all this?' The idea that you must by constant repetition of the facts hammer them into the unwilling as well as into the willing mind is one which must be got rid of entirely if learning is to advance and to give delight; but if once you bring yourself to believe that the child's mind, when fed with the proper mind-food, is able to form its own judgments and to make its own comparisons, the teacher is relieved of a vast amount of labor and the child begins to inform itself. As Miss Gardner puts it, 'Parents and teachers must stand a hand-breadth off and give the children room to develop.' Of course it still remains the teacher's business to see that the child knows; but instead of hammering it into him or spoon-feeding him with such little snippets and mincemeat of various subjects as it is thought that the child can most easily digest, the principle of the new method is to see that the child reads and so teaches himself. And the child *does* read; and experience shows that there need be no limits set to his power of reading, and the pleasure and knowledge that he gets from it, provided he gets the right sort of books. The children in the elementary schools I have visited, in order to study the new method, actually read to themselves in school over two thousand pages of good literature and well-written books in one term; and they read them with pure delight and know what they have read. This is tested by a week's examination at the end of the term, the examination being not used for marks or placing, but simply as a test to see if the child has assimilated what it has read and kept it in mind. Of course, much depends on the selection of the books. At present Miss Mason has undertaken to set out a schedule of books to be read each term, and from the list it will be seen that there is no fear entertained of overburdening the child's mind. Quantity is required as well as quality, to satisfy the urgent and ever-increasing call of the child for more mind-food of many kinds. The Bible, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, the English Poets, Classical Mythology, Fairy Tales, History (English, French, and General), Travel, Citizenship, Natural History, Botany, all are studied with eagerness, for the children are keen to gather knowledge, and delight (this is fact, not fancy) in feeling daily that they have learned something fresh. All these subjects are taught from books, and all but the youngest children read the books for themselves. The only subjects taught orally are Mathematics, Languages, and English Grammar. When I first visited one of these schools I was struck at once with the quiet way in which the girls were working. I passed from one class to another, and in one room I heard a teacher read to the class in a clear and interested voice a few pages of a book by Andrew Lang, which was then narrated by one or two of the girls in an almost faultless manner. They not only gave the sense and substance, but in the main the very words which they had just heard, and

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they spoke clearly and in a cultivated manner. Personally, I always regret the disappearance of dialect, but the people in the North, where dialect is strongest, have a great respect for the cultivated form of speaking. Mr. Smith, the able head teacher of the Wyke boys' school in Bradford, gives instances of the dialect peeping out when a child wishes to be very graphic in its description: *e.g.*, from the *Frog Prince*, 'wherivver she went she allus fun the frog anent her,' and again — a child having interrupted a reading to ask what was the meaning of 'vanished,' another excited child said 'Shut up, tha't spoiling t' story; "vanished," of course, means "mizzled."' All were eager to do some narrating, and keen to make any correction or supply any link which the narrator missed. I never saw a class so universally eager and bright-looking. Long classical or geographical names seem to have no terror for these girls. In the lowest forms a long difficult word is written for them on the blackboard, but in the upper classes they read to themselves, and when they have looked at and visualized the word they can see it with their eyes shut. The teacher, when reading to the class, often says, 'Now shut your eyes,' and she reads a description to which they listen, and make a mental picture of it far more real and satisfying to each child than the picture in a book, which is, after all, somebody else's idea and not their own. It is thus mainly, that is, by mental pictures of the words which they have looked at and visualized, that they learn to spell; and in the examination papers, of which I have seen a great many, there is little fault to be found with the spelling. The children don't forget either what they read or what they hear read. On one occasion they asked me to read something from the play *As You Like It*. I said, 'Choose your own bit,' and they did not hesitate a moment, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly the scene they listened to. On revisiting the school about two months later, four of the girls, at their own request, repeated the scene to me, and spoke it very well. In another school I have heard boys of ten go through a scene from Shakespeare, not without dramatic action, one singing the song which came in his part, and all being word-perfect in their parts; and this, the teacher told me, was not part of the school work, but they had learned and acted it of themselves at home. Here, too, a scene recited by the girls of the top class was done with animation and with particularly good enunciation and pleasant voices. This is one of the results of dwelling with good literature and hearing it well read, for, as Solomon says, 'The sweetness of the lips increaseth learning.'

Children who are feeble-minded pick up under this method, and become able to take their place in class and enjoy it. I saw one little girl who used to go about with mouth open and sad eyes; but nine months at Drighlington had made her as bright a little creature as the rest, and able to narrate as well as another. Several other instances have been given me of remarkable improvement in these backward children under this method in different West Riding schools. Indeed, one of the good points of the method is that it is not rigid: slow children are not worried; at first they progress slowly by listening, but always, without exception, they show improvement during the second term. And it is recognized that a little knowledge absorbed by a backward child of itself is worth much oral instruction mechanically received.

The schedule of the year's work, made out last August by a head teacher in one of the Bradford schools, shows that between August of 1916

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and 1917, the books read in the two upper forms were, besides portions of the Old and New Testaments, Arnold Forster's *English History*, 1689 to 1870; Mrs. Creighton's *First History of France*, same period; also chapters from *The World's Story*, *The Foundation of Rome*, *Peter the Great*, *Frederick the Great*, *The French Revolution;* chapters from *The Citizen Reader* on Taxation, The Union Jack, and Education; also the Laws of Reason and the Laws of Nature, from *Laws of Everyday Life*. Then, from Plutarch's *Lives* they had read Sertorius, Coriolanus, and Alexander the Great, one each term; while of Shakespeare they read *Twelfth Night*, *Coriolanus*, and *As You Like It*. Also they read a book of *Childe Harold* and Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and of prose *Redgauntlet* and *Gulliver's Travels*. They had gone through Books II, III, and IV of the Ambleside Geography. In Botany they had taken the chapters on germination, pollination, fertilization, and fruiting; and most excellent examination papers I saw on these subjects, with diagrams in pen and ink; while on Natural History, the Life History of a Frog and of a Dragon-Fly were very fully and clearly described in the same way—with drawings. This shows how wide a field the children's reading covers, and I have said nothing of their Arithmetic or Grammar Analysis, nor of the very valuable work in what is called Picture Study, where, after seeing half a dozen reproductions of notable pictures by some great artist, either ancient or modern, and having had their attention drawn to points to be noticed, they describe one of the pictures in their terminal examination. One little girl of eleven ended her paper with these words, 'A few pictures have I studied at school by J. M. W. Turner, and I *have* enjoyed them.'

Only a set time is allowed for studying or for writing on each subject, and at the examination, when the clock shows that the ten, twenty, or thirty minutes allowed have elapsed, the child puts the paper on one side and takes up a fresh paper and begins at once to write the answer to the next question, which has meanwhile been written on the blackboard.

Hence, too, all the hard work of the school is finished in the mornings, and the afternoons are left for hobbies, nature-study, gardening, clay-modeling, paper-cutting, rustic work, needlework, drawing, painting, singing, dancing, drill, and also tales and poetry. It seems to me that you have here a very full and sufficient plan of education; and that it is real, and not a specious pretense, no one who has seen and heard the classes in these schools can doubt.

Let me now give a few specimens of the answers written at the end of the term by children of ages from six to twelve; and I may say that the response made to the method of reading some story of interest, and reading it well, to children so young that they have not yet all learned to read, and then asking them to narrate aloud what they have just heard read once, was to me something of a revelation of the power of the infant mind. I listened to the reading of half a page of a child's history; then a litt'e sturdy fellow of six came forward, and facing the class, repeated, without any assistance, what he had heard, often pausing to think but never being prompted, and joining up his different facts with 'and so,' just as King Alfred, in his translations of Latin books into English, used to connect his sentences with 'and then'; also he would use now and then a familiar dialect word, but giving the story, and giving it for the most part in the very words which he had just heard. Of course, as you go to higher classes and other children, you get

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longer narrations and more quickly spoken, but nothing could suppress the delighted eagerness of all the little six-year-olds to have a new story read to them, all stretching out their hands and waving them with excitement at the teacher's bare suggestion; and the keen joyous look of the faces as they listened to the reading and then to the narration was a pleasure to see.

Let us take a few of the answers by the younger children. A boy of nine thus describes a journey from an English port:

Let us get on a ship at Liverpool. The ship has for days been getting ready. Stowed away are coal, merchandise, luggage, and, lastly, the mail-bags. Gangways are pulled in, steam is up, we are ready to start. Amid shouts we are gliding away. We stop at Queenstown in Ireland. Then we steam across the Atlantic — soon we feel a change in the weather, we are nearing the coast of Newfoundland, all about here we see many boats. . . .

Another boy of seven describes how Ulysses discovered Achilles when he was in hiding dressed as a girl:

Ulysses had a plan how to find out Achilles. He blackened his eyebrows and blackened his beard and made himself look like a Phœnician merchant. He went into the courtyard of King Lycomedes with his pack on his back; when the children heard him coming they ran out and watched him undo his pack. Some got a blouse, others a bracelet, and another a frock, and at the bottom lay a sword, and Achilles said, 'This is for me.' Then Ulysses said, 'You are Achilles.'

Note, please, that some weeks had elapsed since he had had this read to him.

The youngest children dictate most of their answers, but here is one written in copy-book round-hand by a little fellow of six, describing an Arab tent:

When the Arab makes his tent he divides it into two parts, it is made of a lot of poles. They put a woolen carpet down the middle. One part is for the women and the other part for the men. In the women's part are the most things — because they have all the work to do. The men would sit and smoke in the tent. There is a piece of cloth fluttering about in the wind, this is for the Arab to dry his hands on. The women's part has three copper pans in it.

The writing is a slow process for this little fellow of six, so he has to break off here as time is up.

Of English history the following is by a little girl of eight on William Rufus:

William the Red or William Rufus was the son of William the Conqueror, who left him the crown of England. The Norman Barons did not want William, they would rather have had Robert, because they thought he would let them do as they liked. The English people liked William best, because he had lived in England ever since he was a little boy of six, and he could talk English. He promised them more liberty and that he would not let the Norman Barons oppress them if they would fight for him. He forgot all about his promises when he had won the battle. He was not a good king, and nobody was sorry when he died. He was killed when he was hunting in the New Forest. Walter Tyrrel ran away, so some people said he had killed the king.

My next is the description by a little boy of eight of a Burne-Jones picture:

King Cophetua has fallen in love with a beggar maiden and he has put her on the throne, although she is only sitting on the edge. [If you know the picture you will know what a genuine touch that is.] She looks very beautiful. King Cophetua sits down below on a step so that he can look up at her beautiful face. She has a ragged and old dress on, at the back there is a window and you can see the city. On a balcony there are two childern looking at a book.

When you remember the age of the writers you must be struck by the good command of language, the way they pick out the salient points in what they have read, and the accuracy with which they describe the picture which they have so visualized that they can see it with their eyes shut.

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The following is by a girl of twelve at another of the Bradford schools (for the answers I am reading to you are from five of the eight different schools I have visited, all in the Bradford area):

My favorite scene from *As You Like It.* Duke Frederick speaks and says to Rosalind, 'Mistress, dispatch you from our Court,' 'Me, uncle?' 'You, cousin.' 'If in ten days you are not twenty miles from our Court you diest for it.' 'My liege, hear me speak.' It was Celia who spoke to her father, the Duke. 'Rosalind and I have played, learned, and rose together, but when I was young I did not value her as much as I do now.' 'Celia, she robs you of your name.' 'Well, if she does, we shall not part; if Rosalind is banished pronounce that word on me, my liege.' 'Rosalind, get you away from our Court.' Rosalind speaks and says, 'What misdeeds have I done?' 'You are your father's daughter, there's enough.' Then Duke Frederick goes out. Rosalind says, 'Whither shall we go?' 'Into the Forest of Arden, to seek your father.' 'What perils may befall us there.' 'My father will have to seek another heir, for I shall be with you.' Rosalind says, 'Let me be dressed as a man.' 'Very well,' said Celia. 'What shall I be called? Nothing but Ganymede, and what will you be called?' 'Aliena shall I be called.' 'Well, our names are settled. Shall we not try to steal the Clown out of your father's Court, he will accompany us on the way.' 'He will go the wide world with me,' said Celia. 'Let us get our jewels together and go.' Celia and Rosalind then get ready to go on their journey.

One great and beneficent feature of these schools I am speaking of is, that there is never anywhere, from top to bottom of the school, any sense of boredom or feeling that any kind of work is drudgery: the thousands of pages which the older children devour in a year are read by them quietly in school; that is their education, and they thus teach themselves, for the books, chosen carefully for each subject, are, as one of the head teachers puts it, 'the source of the children's information, and by means of them they are trained to read and think for themselves, the teacher's work being to test their grasp of what they have read, to explain where explanation is needed, to encourage, inspire, and keep up enthusiasm, to help the weaker ones and keep an eye on the lazy ones and answer questions on the work in hand.' From this it is evident that quite a large class can be handled with ease. One of the teachers assured me that a class of forty-five did not present the slightest difficulty.

That the education which children receive by Miss Mason's method is an extraordinarily good one will be admitted by all who know it, and I claim that the discovery of the fact that the child mind, of whatever class in life, is not only capable of receiving, but delights in receiving from the earliest years an enormous quantity of food of the best kind, and is well able to assimilate it, is a discovery which for far-reaching effects may well take rank with Marconi's marvelous discovery of wireless telegraphy. In each case the power was there all the time, had men only known it.

If asked to sum up the results which are claimed for this method, we should say that they are, first of all, an improved school attendance, — the children are so anxious not to miss the chance of some new knowledge; also, a lifting of the tone of the school, and a multiplication of interests for the children, to whom it opens so many doors, a greatly increased intelligence, a power of close attention, a command of language, and a facility in expressing their thoughts.

The habit of absolute attention, which the method of reading or giving an explanation *only once* soon sets up, is useful in all departments of life, and the cultivated mind power or intelligence shows itself in the ability to carry out instructions with precision in work of every kind. Also, I think that too

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much stress can hardly be laid on the undoubted fact that the children are able to, and *do*, form high ideals of character and conduct drawn from the literature on which they have been nourished. And it was a most satisfactory thing to hear the unanimous opinion of all the teachers, that great and rapid progress was being made in every way; and they all said that they would none of them go back to the old method on any consideration whatever. Indeed, it was obvious, as one of the head teachers expressed it, that by this method, 'children of twelve will have read many good books, and, when left at school till fourteen, will be far in advance of the children in other elementary schools, and will have read a mass of good literature which will enable them to live clean, useful, and intelligent lives after school.' That I look on as real education. For the child taught on this system, as Mrs. John Buchan happily puts it in the October number of the *Parents' Review*, 1917, 'starts life with a ready-made library of good books and a love of reading them, which is like wearing chain armor against the vicissitudes of life.'

I must not omit to mention that the objection which is generally made to the introduction of the new method is the expense of the books. On this subject Miss Mason says that the initial cost, £20, for 150 pupils, is but 2*s.* 6*d.* a head. The cost was found at Bradford to be the highest in the first year, but less during the next three, so that over a period of four years the average cost per annum will probably be below the present annual allowance of 2*s.* 3*d.* for books in most Council Schools. The children buy the cheap but well-printed editions of Shakespeare's plays and the poets for twopence and threepence, and also the fifteen-penny edition of the *Waverley Novels* for their own; and the head teacher at one of the schools stated that the boys in the lower form, who were using the new method, bought five times as many books to take home as the boys in the upper form who were taught on the old method. More than a hundred boys bought a copy of *As You Like It*, and several bought *Guy Mannering*.

The Education Director's report on five schools in Gloucestershire, which only began the method last year, says that 'it was quite plain that the children had plunged into the wealth of books with a whole-hearted enjoyment'; and the 'girls of eleven had so gained in command of words and facility of expression that they were writing three or four times as much as they would have done before the change, and were using a vocabulary which they never would have used at all.' He adds, 'I was greatly impressed by what I saw.' Not only in Yorkshire, then, is the method promising splendid results.

You will have noticed that I have said nothing about punishments. It is one of the best features of the Montessori method that punishment is no part of the child's education. Should a child be particularly tiresome, the plan, as I understood it, was to put that tiresome child in the corner, and tell it that it was not quite well, but that if it kept quiet, it would soon be better. The child soon says, 'I am quite well now,' and comes out of the corner. Under Miss Mason's method, with the keen pleasure which the children take in their lessons, you can see that there will be little need of punishment; and as the examinations are used for tests, and not for class-lists, we get back to the dictum of the old Chinaman, a follower of Confucius, who, writing in the fifth century B.C., declared that 'rewards and punishments are the lowest form of education.'

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AN ADMIRALTY FARM

BY H. A. LE F. H.

With apologies to those officers at the Admiralty who, during the spring of 1916, spared no efforts to provide the ships of the White Sea Squadron with fresh meat.

I

It was nearly midnight by the clock, but it was still broad daylight, and if there had been no clouds and no hills to the northward, the sun would have still been visible skimming along the top of the horizon. The 'white nights,' as the Russians call them, are not conducive to sleep, although in the mornings the inclination is more marked. Anyhow, there was no apparent intention of going to bed displayed by the small group of officers who were sitting in a circle round a fire in the wardroom of one of H.M. ships: they were discussing what appeared to them at the time a most important question.

They were all dressed in naval uniform, representatives of various ranks, from a commander to a clerk; but if the same group had been assembled in July, 1914, very few would have been in uniform. One had returned post haste from a farm in British Columbia, one had been a land agent in England, one had come from the gold mines in South Africa, several had been officers in various lines of Steamship Companies, and the Law and the Joint Stock Banks had supplied one or two of the others with a means of livelihood.

The conversation had rather drifted away from the point under discussion, tending to become frivolous, and the Commander was beginning to look rather harassed and worried.

'It's all very well for you fellows to joke about it,' he said, 'but I wish to Heaven you would pull yourselves together and help me to make out some answer to this telegram. I got it yesterday morning, and it's high time I sent an answer. Several of you are supposed to be agricultural experts, and I don't believe you know the first thing about it, or, if you do, you conceal it wonderfully well.'

'I've rather forgotten what the telegram said,' remarked the Canadian. 'Read it out again, Clerk, and we'll try and help to make up some sort of a reply; but I wish to repeat once more that I know nothing about either sheep or cattle ——'

'I thought you owned a farm in B. C.' said one of the younger members of the R.N.R. in rather a surprised voice.

'Perhaps I do, but that does n't say that I farm it. Maybe I was keeping it to sell to some young idiot from England who knew less about farming than I did.' And the Canadian looked rather pointedly at the last speaker.

'I'll read out the telegram,' said the Clerk. He took up the paper lying by his side and read as follows:

'*From the Admiralty, dated two days ago. . . . My Number so-and-so.*

'Report by telegram whether there is suitable accommodation for pasturing livestock at Forsakenskie for the use of H.M. ships during the summer months. State whether sheep or cattle, or both, should be

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sent, and in what numbers, and whether hay can be purchased locally.'

'Surely we ought to be able to make up an answer to that,' said the land agent, 'and I call it a very reasonable and sensible telegram to get from their lordships: shows how we're progressing as a nation when the Admiralty know that cattle eat hay without first referring to the Board of Agriculture.'

'The Admiralty are pretty hot stuff in these days,' remarked the Chief. 'I suppose you heard about their three-word telegram to the poor old *Nonesuch* last winter, when they had opened about their last case of provisions, and telegraphed to say they had run out of fresh water altogether, and had n't enough coal left to distill?'

'No, what was that, Chief?' said several voices.

The answer was, 'Snow will melt.'

'I wish to goodness you would n't start these interruptions, Chief,' said the Commander irritably; 'we shall never get on. Now let's take the telegram bit by bit and write down an answer to each part, and then we can form it up into an intelligible reply. First of all, is there suitable pasturage or not?

'You ought to be able to say that without any hesitation,' he added glaring at the land agent, 'after dragging me all round the country this afternoon on that visit of inspection.'

'My dear old chap,' said the land agent rather scornfully, 'the less said about that walk to-day the better. Apart from the fact that there was at least six inches of snow still left on the ground, I could n't induce you to move out of the first Lap house you came to, though what the attraction was I could n't see.'

'I was trying to buy furs,' said the Commander, 'and it was obviously useless to walk about looking for pasturage in all that snow. Anyhow, we saw a lot of reindeer, and they must eat something, so write down, Clerk. Your Number so-and-so, mine so-and-so. There is ample pasturage for live-stock in the summer: stop!'

'I would n't say ample,' said the Canadian cautiously.

'I would n't say pasturage,' said the land agent. 'Reindeer eat moss.'

'I would n't say live-stock,' said the Chief; 'that means sheep and cattle.'

'I would n't say there is ample in the summer,' said the Clerk. 'I should say, there will be.'

'I should say, I hope there will be,' remarked one of the more pessimistic of the R.N.R. lieutenants. 'We don't know for certain that the snow will ever go, and it's June now.'

'What the devil is the good of my suggesting anything if you are all going to pull it to pieces in this way?' said the Commander irritably. 'Let's have a little more constructive, not destructive, criticism — especially from you, Clerk,' he added rather fiercely.

'I am sorry, sir,' said the Clerk, 'but shall I rewrite the sentence to fall in line with the suggestions these other officers have made?'

'Yes, go on,' said the Commander.

After several minutes' delay the Clerk read out, 'There will probably be food for animals in the autumn.'

'Cross that out,' said the Commander angrily. 'I am not asked for an expression of opinion, but for a statement of fact. Write down, "I am informed there is ample pasturage for stock in the summer."'

'Who informed you?' demanded the land agent rather anxiously. 'Don't say I did and try and blame me when they all die of hunger.'

'I told you, did n't I, that I was asking that Lap about it this afternoon when I was up in the village — or anyhow, if I did n't tell you, I was.'

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'I thought you were buying furs,' remarked the Canadian.

The Commander treated this with contempt, and picking up the copy of the telegram, 'Now as to sheep or cattle, or both — which do the experts advise?' he asked sarcastically.

'I prefer beef to mutton,' said the Chief, 'so I votes for cattle.'

'We are n't discussing beef *versus* mutton, Chief,' said the land agent. 'It is improbable they will ever be eaten unless they are killed before they land. You can't eat things which die a natural death,' he added fatuously.

'Hunger is n't a natural death,' said the Commander dryly. 'But as I probably have to look forward to landing the brutes, I want to ask for the animals that will give me the least trouble.'

'How are you going to land them?' asked one of the trawler officers. 'Make them swim?'

'I suppose so,' said the Commander. 'Now which swim best, cattle or sheep?'

'Sheep can't swim,' said the Clerk hastily, anxious to show his knowledge in matters agricultural. 'They cut their throats when they try, so that quite settles it. We must have cattle, which I am very glad of, as I hate mutton.'

'Am I likely to be disembarkation officer, sir?' inquired one of the R.N.R. officers rather anxiously.

'Certainly you are,' said the Commander. 'Why, what has that got to do with it?'

'Only that I strongly advise sheep, sir,' said the disembarkation officer. 'They are much easier to handle, and they are n't nearly so strong, and they have no horns.'

'Can sheep swim, or can't they? Can any of you experts tell me that? It must be a very easy thing to earn your living anyhow in these days if one can get hold of experts' jobs with such very little knowledge,' said the Commander wearily.

'Yes, they can swim all right,' said the land agent, 'and I expect you'll be asking to be taken on one day as my pupil after they retire you — which they are bound to do soon if you take as long as this answering a telegram.'

'All right, we appear to be making some progress at last,' said the Commander. 'Now then, Clerk, cross out quadrupeds and put sheep, and read the telegram again.'

'I did n't put quadrupeds, I put stock, sir,' said the Clerk. 'The Admiralty said live-stock.'

'Don't contradict, but read it out as I tell you, my good boy.'

'The telegram now reads, "I am informed there is ample pasturage for sheep in the summer,"' said the Clerk, with a note of forbearance in his voice.

'Now then add, "Only sheep should be sent, number to commence with" — what do you think, Pay.?' asked the Commander.

'I don't know how much they'll weigh, sir,' said the Paymaster thoughtfully. 'I am only accustomed to dealing with them as mutton, not as sheep.'

'How much do your sheep average?' asked the Chief, addressing the Canadian.

'I thought I had made it plain enough that I have n't got any sheep, and that I know nothing about them,' said the Canadian irritably. 'You'd better look it up in *Chambers's*.'

'Get the Encyclopædia, Clerk,' said the Commander, 'and look up "Sheep."'

There was a lengthy pause, while the right volume was got down from the shelf.

'It does n't say anything about their weight,' said the Clerk, 'but apparently there are several sorts of breeds. I wonder whether we ought to specify

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the breed. It says they are a docile animal.'

'I should estimate a sheep to weigh about fifty pounds,' said the land agent. 'They'll probably weigh nearly that when first landed, and as to breed, I should specify those most suitable for a rocky island, where the only food is moss and mosquitoes. I am getting rather tired of this, and am off to bed very soon,' he added. 'I've got to be off to sea early in the morning.'

'For God's sake, hang on now and get this thing finished,' said the Commander. 'We are really making a little headway now; come on, Paymaster, how many sheep will keep us all going for, say, a month?'

After some moments of anxious calculation, the Paymaster announced four hundred.

'Rot,' said the Commander. 'I said a month, not a year.'

'Well, sir, seven hundred men will eat that number in a month, if you allow them fresh meat every day.'

'Every day—certainly not,' said the Commander. 'Once a week is ample.'

'Once a week is not enough,' said the Doctor emphatically. 'If we don't get it more often than that we shall have an outbreak of scurvy; I've been very anxious about it for the last three months.'

'Will you take on disembarkation officer, Doc.?' asked the R.N.R. lieutenant anxiously. 'Because if I'm to do it I hope you won't ask for more than a hundred, sir,' he said, addressing the Commander.

'Heavens, no,' said the Commander, 'one hundred is ample to start off with. Now then, Clerk, write that down, and read it out again.'

The Clerk read out: 'I am informed there is ample pasturage for sheep in the summer; only sheep should be sent, number to commence with one hundred.'

'Add, "No hay purchasable locally; enough should be sent to feed the brutes." Lord, I am sick to death of these cursed sheep already.'

'What do you want hay for if there is ample pasturage?' said the Canadian.

'To fatten the brutes,' said the Commander irritably.

'You don't fatten animals on hay,' said the land agent in a tactful voice, 'but I should ask for it in case there is no pasturage.'

The Commander's brow was furrowed with thought for several minutes. 'I think that does the trick now, does n't it?' he said to the Clerk. 'Cross out, "I am informed," and get the telegram coded and sent off.'

'There's one thing I should like to say,' said the Canadian, rising from his chair and walking to the door, 'and that is, that if you turn out a hundred sheep and don't have some dogs to round them up, you'll never see them again; they'll spread all over Russia. Good-night.'

'We've got eight dogs in the ship already,' said the Commander, 'and I wonder what the First Lord will say if I telegraph for sheep-dogs. He'll think I am pulling his leg.'

'I really advise you to ask for some dogs,' said the Chief, 'or anyhow, one. The Admiralty will quite understand that every flock of sheep must have a dog.'

'All right,' said the Commander rather bitterly. 'Add to the end of the telegram, "Request one sheep-dog may be sent."'

'Now read it out, Clerk, and then let's go to bed.'

The Clerk read out, 'There is ample pasturage for sheep in the summer; only sheep should be sent, good climbers; number to commence with one hundred. Request one dog-sheep may be sent.'

'What the devil are you driving at,

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Clerk,' said the Commander furiously. 'Who said anything about climbing? and I said sheep-dog, not dog-sheep. They'll probably send us out a ram if we put it like that.'

'No, that's the proper way of expressing it,' said the Chief decidedly. 'I've kept stores for twenty years, and I assure you if you ask for a sheep-dog you'll get a ram for a certainty; whereas if you ask for a dog-sheep you'll get a dog.

'God forbid we should get a ram!' said the embarkation officer. 'They're as fierce as the devil.'

'Well, you'll probably have to take them all on charge in your store accounts, Chief, when they do arrive,' said the Commander wearily, 'and then transfer them to the Paymaster's account when they become mutton; so I suppose we'd better leave it as you say. I'm going to bed, and you can bring me the telegram first thing in the morning, Clerk. Find some more official word than climbers to designate the breed. I hate the thought of mutton already; good-night, everybody.'

And the meeting broke up.

At lunch next day the Chief asked the Commander if the telegram had gone off.

'Yes, it's gone,' said the Commander; 'but I cut out the dog altogether, and the Clerk put in something about breed suitable for mountainous country.'

'Why did you cut out about the dog?' said the Chief.

'When I woke up I found myself repeating the lines out of the laws of the navy: "He does well who tears up in the morning the letter he wrote overnight," and I was n't certain if these two blooming experts, the land agent and the Canadian, were not pulling my leg over that dog. I suppose they've gone out in their trawlers now, leaving me to bear the burden and heat of the day in here. Well, thank God, my telegram can't bear fruit for at least three weeks.'

In about three weeks, however, the Admiralty intimated that the first consignment of one hundred sheep might be expected in a few days, mentioning that a Scotch mountain breed had been selected, and informing the S.N.O. that on no account were any to be killed until they had been shorn.

It happened that the two experts were in harbor when the telegram arrived, and a council of war was again called to consider this new complication.

'Things are getting ridiculous,' said the Commander, 'and I'm beginning to think the Admiralty are pulling my leg. I'm sorry I did n't ask for that dog now. How the devil am I going to arrange to shear one hundred sheep?'

'I've put that notice up on the mess deck, sir,' said the First Lieutenant, 'but there has been no result, and the Master-at-Arms says he does n't think there is a single man in the ship who has ever shorn a sheep, and even if there was, we have n't any shears.'

'Can't you shear sheep?' said the Commander to the land agent; 'and if you can't do it yourself, what do you suggest?'

'I think the Chief ought to be able to manage it,' said the land agent dryly. 'He's got a workshop full of all sorts of noisy beastly machinery, and surely he could devise something or other to cut wool off a sheep.'

'It's no use talking rubbish of that sort,' said the Chief. 'Do you imagine I'm going to put one of my skilled artificers to work to cut wool off a struggling savage brute's back? Your trawlers keep me going night and day with all their repairs, without beginning a wild enterprise of that sort.'

'What about the ship's butcher?'

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said the Canadian. 'Surely he can shear sheep?'

'No, he can't,' said the First Lieutenant emphatically. 'He says he can kill them and skin them, but that is all.'

'I'm not going to start an undignified altercation with the Admiralty on this matter,' said the Commander, 'and so I think the best thing to do is to take no notice of this last brain wave of their lordships. We will just kill the sheep and skin them, and then use blacklist men to clip wool off the skins with scissors.'

'When are they due to arrive?' asked the land agent.

'Any time in the next couple of days, said the Commander. 'I suppose you'll be here to help to land them?'

'I'm afraid we're awfully busy just now,' said the land agent, glancing at the Canadian rather anxiously. 'We shall have to be down sweeping off that bit of the coast where the mines were laid last year. If it was n't for that we should love to help.'

'I am taking my division out to-night,' said the Canadian.

'You told me you would be in till to-morrow morning,' said the Chief rather angrily, 'and I've started on the Fram's boiler. She can't be ready till then.'

'She'll have to follow,' said the Canadian. 'We think we ought not to waste a minute longer than necessary in beginning this sweeping.'

'I've a good mind to take the ship out, and go down to see if I can do anything to help the salvage of the Carelyn,' said the Commander, 'and leave the yacht to carry on S.N.O. — just for a few days only,' he added cheerfully.

'If the ship has to go to sea now,' said the Chief, 'it means the trawler's repairs go to the devil. I can't think why you suddenly want to go and see the Carelyn, as we can't do anything more to her now the Russians have undertaken the salvage work.'

'I think I can guess why he wants to go,' said the land agent; 'but your duty as S.N.O. here, Commander, is to stick to the sheep, I mean ship!'

'I shall be in again at the end of the week, and look forward to lamb and mint sauce. So long, you fellows. I hope you'll enjoy it.'

'These retired officers have no sense of duty,' said the Commander. 'Well, if you go and bump a mine during the next few days, I shall feel it is a judgment on you.'

II

About five days later the trawlers returned and secured alongside their mother cruiser just before dinner. Conversation during dinner was general, and no allusion was made to the sheep; but the land agent could not help remarking to the Paymaster that he was looking particularly fit and well.

'So would you be looking fit and well if you'd stayed here and not shirked,' said the Commander dryly. 'The younger officers of the ship are going in for training for sports just at present, and we are hoping you and the Canadian will be entering for one or two of the races.'

'The two-mile is the one I'm hoping to win,' said the Clerk. 'I did it in record time this afternoon.'

'That's about the length of the island you were turning into a farm, is n't it?' asked the Canadian; 'and, by the bye, how are the sheep getting on? I see we are still on bully beef,' he added, looking at the menu.

'I am given to understand that the sheep are very happy indeed,' said the Commander. 'They are eight dozen of the most agile brutes that ever lived, enjoying themselves to the top of their bent, and likely to continue to do so as far as I can see.'

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'I thought there were one hundred coming,' said the land agent.

'Yes, there were,' said the Paymaster, 'but four died on the way out, and as far as I can make out they died every other day with suspicious regularity. The trip took eight days, and I said to the Captain that I was glad he was n't delayed a few more days or some more might have died. The old ruffian only grinned, and said he thought it was highly probable; that they were very fine sheep, and the rate of mortality might even have risen.'

'The yacht arrives in three days' time with the Commodore,' said the Commander, 'and we have got to have some sheep killed by then. It is really getting beyond a joke — the whole of the ship's officers and the accountant staff have been ashore all day, and they have n't managed to catch a single one.'

'They are a wonderful lot of brutes,' said the embarkation officer. 'They swim like otters, and climb and jump like monkeys, and can do the two miles from one end of the island to the other in about ten minutes. There is any amount of grass there now, and if it was n't for mosquitoes it would be very pleasant ashore.'

'This is five days since the sheep arrived, and we have n't even tasted one yet,' said the Commander. 'However, I am going to put a stop to it to-morrow all right.'

'What are you going to do, Commander?' said the land agent anxiously. 'Poison them or trap them, or what?'

'No,' said the Commander, 'I'm going to land small-arm companies, skirmish across the island, and corner them into an enclosure; and if we can't do that I am going to shoot them.'

Next morning about sixty men, fully-equipped, and with a liberal amount of small-arm ammunition, landed on the island. They took their dinners, and were absent until late in the afternoon. Occasional bursts of rifle-firing were heard from the ship, but nothing much could be seen. After the landing party returned it transpired that they had achieved a moderate success, though at great sacrifice of energy and wind. The sheep had completely outwitted them, and they were eventually driven to killing them with rifles. One had been bayoneted in a valiant attempt to break through the line of hot and angry skirmishers.

However, the sheep were killed and eaten, and though by the time they arrived on board they seldom weighed more than thirty pounds, still they were a very excellent change and were much appreciated. The first skin was experimented with in the hopes of getting the wool off; but it was found to be such a laborious and difficult task that it was abandoned, and the skins were sent home with the wool attached. No comment was made by the home authorities.

Toward the end of the season a small Russian ship stranded on the coast in the vicinity, and the Canadian with other trawlers went to her assistance. He found the ship deserted and on fire, and clustered in the stern were three terrified sheep. He rescued the poor brutes, and two of the three were promptly dispatched for the use of the two ships' companies of the trawlers.

The third sheep was carefully adorned with a large red rosette on her tail, and next day the Canadian could have been seen seated in a trawler's boat, with a sheep sitting by his side, making for the island on which the farm was situated.

The sheep was landed, and joined what was left of the general flock.

Shortly afterwards a general signal was made to all ships by the S.N.O.,

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informing them that the sheep with the red tag on its tail was the personal property of the Canadian, and was on no account to be killed. It lived for several weeks, and eventually fell a victim to a combined attack by the whole of the Canadian's trawler crew, armed with every sort of weapon from a .303 rifle to a .380 revolver.

On board the cruiser it had been considered bad taste even to mention the word sheep for a long time, and the whole subject of the farm was taboo. It was felt by most of the people concerned that they had been made victims, owing to the stupidity of their messmates. On the few occasions when the subject was discussed, the Chief was always saying that if we had had cattle it would have been all right. The land agent harped on the sheep-dog with irritating frequency. The Commander made bitter remarks on the inadequacy of his expert advisers, and on the Clerk's wording as to the climbing capabilities of the sheep.

The Canadian had been sarcastically amused at the way the whole thing had been mismanaged, and made nasty comparison with the way things were done in the Colonies. The Paymaster, who by this time was gaunt and careworn, could not eat mutton at all on the rare occasions it appeared in the wardroom, and his feelings toward all who had been in any way mixed up in the farm were too bitter to permit of expression.

On the occasion of the death of the red-tailed sheep, which occurred late in the autumn, the last of the Admiralty sheep had also fallen a victim to a well-armed landing force; and, though riddled with bullets, the Paymaster had been relieved to find that a small portion was still fit for human consumption. The general relief which was felt by all interested parties in the wardroom was so great that, after a glass or two of port, the subject was once more reopened.

The Commander gravely congratulated the Canadian on his success as a stalker, and inquired whether his ancestors had been Border folk or not.

'I did n't steal it,' said the Canadian. 'I saved the poor brute from a terrible death in a burning ship, and we got it second shot. I turned the skin over to the butcher, Pay.,' he added, turning to the Paymaster; 'it may help to fill up some of the nasty hiatuses there must be in your farm accounts.'

'Thanks,' said the Paymaster, 'it will certainly help me a little; but really I'm in despair as to how to account for these brutes. They weigh about twenty pounds by the time they are killed or murdered, and half of it is not fit to eat.'

'The only possible thing for you to do, Pay.,' said the land agent, 'is to expend them, skins and all. I kept stores years ago when I was a navigator, and there were lots of ways of putting your accounts right. The Admiralty are very good about it as a rule—why, one fellow expended a gun eaten by rats, and nothing was said.'

'Well, how do you suggest I should expend sheep?' said the Paymaster. 'It sounds all right, but I've got to deal with a different department from the one you used to.'

'I should put them down eaten by wolves,' said the land agent.

'Good idea,' said the Chief. 'Russia is full of wolves, you know, even in these days.'

So wolves were decided upon.

Blackwood's Magazine

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SOME LITERARY ASPECTS OF FRANCE IN THE WAR

BY EDMUND GOSSE

DURING the first months of the war, almost the only books which were published in Paris were collections of articles which appeared in the daily press. The best of these formed a chronicle of events and emotions which people were glad to possess. It is curious to turn over the pages of these earliest volumes. They are full of the shock and turmoil of a time when no one knew what was going to happen, or, indeed, what had happened already. The writers were hampered by the censorship, and by their own ignorance of the exact course which military operations were taking. The articles by M. Maurice Barrès, whose genius is wonderfully ductile and adaptable, were perhaps those which approached most nearly to what we mean when we speak of literature. As early as November, 1914, M. Barrès collected, in a volume called *L'Union Sacrée*, his daily articles contributed to the *Echo de Paris*, and this has some claim to be considered the first book published in France during the war.

These collected newspaper chronicles, and especially those by M. Barrès, were popular almost to excess. People relieved their nervous strain by reviewing what events they had already survived. But until after the Battle of the Marne it cannot be said that there was any sustained literary work done in France. Men were too acutely conscious of the contingencies of the struggle to settle down to brain-work unconnected with the war. The emotion was too direct to be expressed in prose or verse. We should make a great mistake, however, if we took for granted that this emotion had, on really vitalized spirits, a paralyzing effect. Quite the contrary. Among a large class of men who were pursuing, or were just about to enter, professional life, the crisis seems to have been unexpectedly stimulating. Many such persons felt themselves to be freed from the servitude of intellectual routine. They had a sense of taking in large draughts of open air after having been shut up too long in the lecture-room or the laboratory. Many early letters from the front breathe that spirit of release; the writers of them seem to have embraced the perils and discomforts of life in the field with a curious sense of relief. It had become in the end tiresome to be obliged to keep abreast of all that was going on in art and in letters and in research. And, in particular, there was a phase not easily to be realized in England, — where purely mental activity takes so small a place,— there was the comfort, to an over-fastidious mind, of being released from the wear and tear of subtle little problems.

The writers of France had never taken so much practical part in fighting as devolved upon them in the autumn of 1914. If we look at the records of French authorship, we shall be amused to see how small a share people of letters had ever enjoyed of the heroic crash of armies. Napoleon had no opinion of writers as fighting men, and he subdued their warlike instincts with

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severity. As a rule they gave him no trouble by showing any military ambition; they kept out of the way of his armies. Chateaubriand spent the day of the battle of Jena in gathering oleanders in the ruins of Sparta; he preferred that his *lauriers* should be *lauriers roses*. The authors who have had a distinct call to arms have had no opportunity for fighting. Alfred de Vigny, who was at heart a soldier through and through, never saw a war. In 1914 the memory of Stendhal was very popular in France, mainly because he had some actual experience, both as a soldier and as a military administrator, but that experience did not amount to very much. Vauvenargues alone, in the eighteenth century, had full experience of the bitterness of military misfortune. In the war of 1914, on the contrary, the usefulness of literary talent to the State was early recognized, and men of letters took a prominent part in the defense of the invaded territory.

But the campaign of 1914 produced one soldier-writer whose brief career in the field struck a chord in the whole French nation which has vibrated ever since. There can be no doubt that the name and fame of Charles Péguy will be legendary so long as French history endures. His character and his behavior in life and death impressed the national imagination to an extraordinary degree, and started a type of intellectual heroism which was new and has fructified in all manner of directions. His story offers a very curious instance of the part which accident seems to take in the affairs of men. Charles Péguy, when the war broke out, was quite unknown outside France, and he was known to but a small circle at home. He was in his forty-second year, and there seemed little prospect of his achieving any measure of what is called success. He was a dreamer, and, strangely enough in the history of a man who, at the clear call of duty, was to show such magnificent decision, he left on the minds of his associates a superficial impression of wavering purpose. He was long in finding his road. He came from the people, and he was a Socialist, as it were, by tradition. He finished his studies at the Ecole Normale, with the idea of becoming a professor, and then he gave that up. He preferred to be an artisan and he engaged himself to a working printer; at the age of twenty-five he obscurely published a little book, on Joan of Arc, in which his views were already dimly shadowed.

His biographers described him to us as a slender man of inconspicuous presence, who stooped as he walked, absorbed by his dreams, feeble in appearance but in reality stronger than he looked. He had gone through long years of poverty and care, and at the age of forty his constitution seemed to be giving way; he had no physical characteristic of the conventional national hero. But those who knew him best were aware of the purity of his conscience and the vehemence of his will. His Socialism, which was intense, was of a character wholly unlike what we have since seen developed by the delirium of Eastern Europe. It was idealistic, humane, and Christian, although Péguy did not observe the rites of any church or subscribe to any set creed. He was a very honest workman of the old school. There was a rural savor about him, the gravity of a self-respecting republican peasant. He wrote of himself, 'I have always taken everything *au sérieux*,' and this was the secret of some of his difficulties, for he was not supple and his mind moved slowly into its true path. He had a deep indignation for the kind of proletarian idleness to which we have since learned to give the name of Bolshevism.

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Péguy wrote in praise of 'the incredible honor of work, the most lovely of all the forms of honor.' He hated strikes and every kind of sabotage; he said, 'The workman who throws down his tools is a maniac who mutilates himself.' He liked to see work well done, and no ca' canny found the slightest favor with Péguy. 'I have seen,' he said, 'my mother mend the straw bottoms of chairs in the same spirit in which our forefathers carved their cathedrals.'

Such was Charles Péguy before the war. In 1900, he had started, as printer, author, and publisher in one, the issue of a strange magazine, which he called *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, and in this he produced his various poems and prose essays. He also published in it those of a group of disciples, who embraced his mystical ideal of republican liberty. He employed a curious style, full of repetitions and enlargements, which had nothing classical about it, but which reproduced the slow movement of his own meditation. He wished to conciliate Rome with the Revolution, and mockers told him that he would merely be crushed between the upper and the lower mill-stone; indeed, it seems to me true that he was imprisoned between the two great forces in French social and religious sentiment, until the war came and set him free. None of his early writings attracted wide attention, but when he was thirty-seven he published *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, which marked a great advance in unity of thought and continuity of purpose. It was less diffuse than his earlier pamphlets had been, and more logical. He had written over and over again about Joan of Arc, but never so well as here. He was interpenetrated with worship of Joan of Arc; she was the theme to which he incessantly returned. He said once that, if he lived a hundred years, he should never cease writing about her. She became at last a perfect vision of France to him, and he fought for her tradition and for her ideals like a crusader.

And when the war came, it was like a crusader that Péguy flung himself into it. He had been a pacifist in his youth, but he gradually became convinced of the inevitability of the struggle. The declaration of war found Charles Péguy absolutely ready for sacrifice, inspired by the years of meditation on his virgin model. He did not hesitate, as she had not hesitated, but he hastened, with ecstasy, to die for the liberties of France. Lieutenant of reserve in a regiment of infantry, he showed, from the first moment, a genius for exhilarating his men and for leading them into action. He died, on the eve of the victory of the Marne, attacking the Germans at the head of his troops, on the 5th of September, 1914, in the cornfields of the shattered village of Villeroy; and from one end of France to the other there arose a great cry in which his name was mingled in glory with joy over the almost unhoped-for victory.

The grandson of Renan, Ernest Psichari, who was killed early in the war, said, 'Whatever we do we shall always put intelligence above everything.' That was the French attitude, and as we look back over those four glorious years of torrent and strain, we shall see that it was really the sleepless intelligence, alertness, suppleness of the French mind which carried France through to victory. But there was little place for the external manifestation of intelligence in individuals under the whirlwind of sensations with which the war opened. The remarkable feature of those first months was the extraordinary alacrity with which the young men who were already distinguished by promising gifts and had started along civil paths which assured them an early success, gave up, not merely the

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worldly advantages of their position, but the liberty of thought and action that was dearer to their hearts than success itself. It was in souls thus disciplined to resignation and obedience, for the sake of the requirements of the State lucidly exposed and intelligently grasped, that the renaissance of the religious instinct also started.

What the religious instinct develpoed into among the young writers who were soldiers can be observed most clearly by yet a further reference to Péguy. In the mystical conscience of Péguy, trained by the incessant contemplation of Joan of Arc as saint and as patriot,— as becoming a saint in the act and by the fortitude of her patriotism,— in this condition of his conscience the act of doing noble things took a higher value than the things themselves. And that has been an element in the literary expression of France during the war, which has to be emphatically stated. Not all, indeed, but a large proportion of the authors who have expressed in their writings the emotions, the passionate sentiments, evoked by the war, have done so under the call of something almost supernatural. They have seen the world made perfect by the virtue of France, and they have turned away from the accidents of experience as unimportant. This appears to me to distinguish them sharply from their English brothers-in-arms. The English writers have almost confined themselves to a record of their day's adventure, usually without any overt reference to the scheme of events of which that adventure was a little fragment. The French have noted the detail, too, but against a wider background. They have given the impression that to be carrying out God's work was the essential thing, and that all the doing and all the moving would be but a hurrying of ants over a broken clod if the general purpose and object of the struggle were not borne in mind.

Perhaps some of them — perhaps Péguy himself — went too far in this idealism. To have carried out his dream would have been to sacrifice efficiency and organization to sentiment; and it is very fortunate that authority over the councils of the army was not in the hands of the admirable young writers who collaborated on the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. It was necessary that these devotees of Joan of Arc should learn that the age of miracle only partially comes back in modern times. And we turn with satisfaction to the great part which a more logical and a more adult intelligence took in the preparations. The published statements of the generals were admirable for their lucidity in the midst of rigorous tension. Even the civilian can appreciate the purely literary excellence of the treatises of Marshal Foch on *The Principles of Warfare* and *On the Conduct of War*, respectively. It could only be a great French general who wrote, 'To conquer our enemy will be nothing unless we begin by conquering ourselves.'

So far as I can trace, the very earliest revival of poetry after the invasion was due to a poet who is much less known in England than he deserves to be, M. Paul Fort. He is a citizen of no mean city, namely, of the tortured and mutilated Reims, where he was born half a century ago, in a house close to the Lion d'Or, and fully in face of that enchanting cathedral which the Germans have wantonly destroyed. The bombardment and arson of the noblest church of France reawakened M. Paul Fort to melody, and he began an ode to the outraged cathedral in these words, 'Monstrous General Baron von Plattenberg, it is you who have inspired this love chant to my church.'

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This poem, which is extraordinary in its vivacity and melody, is dated September 21, 1914, and may be considered to be the earliest piece of pure literature produced in France after the invasion, by the song bird who was the first to find his voice, not after, but during, the wild fury of the thunderstorm.

The ode on Reims was followed by other pieces in the same breathless, picturesque, and melodious manner, and on the 1st of December, 1914, M. Paul Fort began the publication of an oblong sheet, without cover or title-page, styled at the head merely *Poèmes de France*, and this he published, circulating it broadcast on the boulevards, twice every month, for a year. Since then he has brought out a collected edition of these war poems in the usual shape, uniform with his other very numerous works in verse printed (such is his whim) to look like prose. But a special interest attaches to the original pamphlets, of eight pages each, which were sent blowing, like the fiery leaves of an autumnal vine, through the length and breadth of France in the course of the year 1915. They mark spasm after spasm of horror, of disgust, of hope, and, when the Battle of the Marne is once over, of triumphant ecstasy and longing. They are of a singular variety, echoing the varying tones of the French temper, and of a generosity which takes familiar and sometimes even slightly grotesque forms. 'All right,' the poet sings: 'What is this that beats in King George, that growls in Kitchener, in French, in Lloyd George, that beats, that thunders, in all England's lords, and peasants, and sailors, and miners — it is the true heart of a Saint George!' 'The roughest of the soldiers of Albion is a gentleman!' This is an appeal to which, without an attempt at criticism, we have no reply save '*Vive la France!*'

M. Anatole France said that these poems of Paul Fort were worthy to be graven on tablets of bronze. He himself has suffered throughout the war too deeply to add much, if anything, to the revival of French literature. He was an old man of settled habits of mind when the sudden storm burst over Europe and disturbed every conviction of his heart, every tradition of his experience. We shall, doubtless, learn later on what were his intellectual adventures during the course of a national crisis for which all his previous bias and education would seem to have unfitted him. He is the most illustrious example of a class which has suffered bitterly in France during these years, more bitterly than the young men who have been able to throw their energy and strength into the heart of the battle.

Of such young writers not a few were, or hoped to become, poets. But, as we look back on the history of the war, we do not find that those who were actually in the fighting line added much that was durable to French poetical literature. The year 1915 seems to have contributed most of the verse written by soldiers, the extraordinary relief and the renewed elasticity produced by the victories of the Ourcq and the Marne having awakened a lyrical echo in many bosoms. But in looking back it cannot be said either that any poets of high promise were revealed in the trenches, or that those who were already promising achieved anything of very high merit during the war. At all events, nothing supreme has yet been discovered in this direction. Anthologies of writers of verse who fell in the war were published, but they mainly tended to show, amid a wonderful and touching patriotism, a certain poverty and monotony of poetical expression. Much emotion was properly called forth by the gallant

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deaths, early in 1915, of Emile Despax and of Lionel des Rieux, the former a disciple of Lamartine, the latter of Mistral and the Provençals. But these poets were already middle-aged, and they had ceased to inspire great anticipations for their verse. Perhaps more poetry was written behind the lines than in them, and we may not yet be aware of its extent. M. Henri de Régnier has only since the armistice printed in a collection the beautiful lyrics which he wrote during the war. There may well be other poets whose activities are unsuspected. On the whole, however, we may safely say that the war added little that was durable to the body of French poetry. Lest I should seem negligent I would add that, in 1916, M. Paul Claudel published a mystical volume of *Trois Poèmes de Guerre*, which was welcomed by his admirers.

The British public has always taken a particular, sometimes an excessive, interest in French novels. It is sometimes necessary for us to remind one another that although this is an important branch of the literature of our neighbors, it is very far from being the whole of that literature. During the first year of the war there was scarcely any production of fiction whatever, and when at length certain favorites of the public timidly reappeared, they simply gave, in the form of journal, letter, or anecdote, their confused impressions of the overwhelming tragedy of August, 1914. There were not, so far as I remember, any stories which call for our memory to-day, or which, from a point of view purely literary, could be said to enhance the reputation of their authors. The earliest novel which attracted and deserved general attention was M. Paul Bourget's *Le Sens de la Mort*, which appeared in October, 1915. To understand this remarkable book it is necessary to appreciate the fact that a curious and intense solemnity had come over the whole French nation. We had nothing like it in England, where the situation was never so appalling, and where, moreover, events are taken more light-heartedly and superficially than in France. Shall we ever learn to realize that the leading feature of the French intellect is its gravity, its penetrating seriousness?

During the course of the war, M. Paul Bourget has published three solid romances of which, whatever is said, the seriousness cannot be denied. Indeed, I imagine that they are too serious, that is to say, built too rigidly on a moral plan, to satisfy the taste of the ordinary English pleasure-seeker. Besides *Le Sens de la Mort*, which I have mentioned, he brought out *Lazarine* in 1917 and *Némesis* in 1918. I suppose that these three novels form the most important contribution to fiction made by any one author during the war. They are melodramatic, mechanically constructed, symmetrical, and all three are dramas of religious conscience. The first leads to the parallel deaths of an atheist and a believer; the second is the story of a man who passes from the love of an atheist to that of a believer; in the third a believer separates himself from the love of an atheist. If I were criticizing these books from a purely æsthetic point of view, I might bring several objections to them, particularly as to their absurd unfairness, all the virtues being combined to adorn the pious characters and all the vices being concentrated on the unbelievers. But in a community where lads who have hardly left school discuss the problems of conduct and eternity as gravely as philosophers of sixty, this objection does not seem to count.

In the winter of 1915, there began to be published a number of novels about the military life of the moment, of which the earliest, and in some respects

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the best, was the story called *Gaspard*, which has been widely read in this country. The hero of this lively book is a good-natured and vulgar vendor of edible snails, who has to join the army as a reservist, and who does so with a certain amount of bewilderment and even of vexation, but who settles down into being a very brave and competent soldier, a little restive under discipline, but full of good temper and resource. This book was just on the patriotic side of satire, and deserved the immense success which it gained; it offered a relief, too, from that spirit of desperate seriousness of which we were just speaking. It was immediately followed by a little crowd of stories, in many of which less delicacy and less reserve were displayed, and in which the horrors of the war and its squalid social aspects were relentlessly dwelt upon. In particular, there was one novel of life in the trenches which achieved a preposterous success. I do not care to mention the name of a book which seemed to appeal to all that is worst in suffering human nature.

During this same winter, novels which had no reference to military events began to be presented rather shyly to a public which was growing less and less susceptible to agitation. We may compare it to the way in which, in the Middle Ages, books of a similar character began shyly to peep up among the church literature that otherwise ruled the hour; for the war in France took the character of a religious revival, a crusade against the powers of darkness. The very first novel of any importance which ventured to offer pure and unalloyed entertainment to a harassed circle of readers, was M. Henri de Régnier's *L'Illusion Héroïque de Tito Bassi*, which appeared in the beginning of 1916. This was a delicious episode of life in the Italian city of Vicenza in the eighteenth century.

Régnier's *Tito Bassi* was issued with a preface of apologies and excuses: the charming author assured his readers that his romance was finished before the war began, and he deprecated the idea that he was in any degree unconscious of the immense solemnity of the crisis through which France was passing. This apologetic attitude was not a needless one, for a considerable section of the Parisian world was not at all ready to welcome the entertainers with complacency. In the December preceding, for instance, when M. de Régnier's book must have been leaving the press, Madame Rachilde, who had been an active novelist before the war and even an anti-militarist, expressed herself thus: 'Novels are being published once more! Stories are being written while history is being made! How is it possible that the brutal orchestra of war permits our fragile Psyches to resume their *poses plastiques?* I do not blame them, I am simply astonished. How can we analyze in cold blood the state of mind of a man who sits down to write a novel nowadays, to scribble a pretty tale in blue ink while History is writing hers in red? He has not read the morning's *communiqué* because he was not sure of his nerves; he has given not a thought to yesterday's battle, for fear of spoiling the central love scene of his romance. What will He say to Her, when He learns that, as usual, She has deceived Him? All the while the terrible tocsin is tolling in the depth of the novelist's imagination: "The Germans are in France!" How is it possible that he can go on scribbling the scenes of his poor book?'

This spirit, which had an honorable as well as a slightly feeble side, found a good deal of expression and checked the work of many writers. It was even carried to a ridiculous excess. The famous composer Saint-Saëns, in a very prickly temper, refused to help in the

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resuscitation of French music, declaring that he would gladly break his pen and never write another note if thereby he could end this horrible war. The incensed musicians replied, 'It is unfortunately only too probable that victory will cost us sacrifices even more cruel than that of the pen of M. Saint-Saëns.' So lately as the summer of 1918, the famous novelist Paul Adam, whose romances had not been sparing of scenes of blood and horror in remote and ancient places, created a sort of scandal and a notable revulsion by saying that *'S'occuper de littérature, c'est trahir un peu!'* This opinion, which was certainly rather hysterical, was loudly resented. It was pointed out with vivacity that a continued interest in the developments of general intelligence, so far from being 'treason,' was a loyal confidence in the permanent perseverance of France. These divergencies of opinion were probably matter of the nerves and of the years.

It would take me too far, and would, moreover, be altogether outside my competency, to follow the course of technical science. That the war led to precious contributions to the literature of surgery and medicine is well known. I believe that neurology was the central interest of the French savants, and that amazing progress has been made since 1914 in the pathology of the nervous system. Philosophical production was suspended, like all other intellectual enterprises, during the first months of the war; but it is worthy of note that the famous *Revue Philosophique* was never held up, but proceeded without a break under the guidance of that true friend of the Entente, M. Boutroux. The books of the French philosophers, produced in the storm of invasion, witness to the lucidity of the French intelligence. There was one publication which was an act of courage as well as a dignified protest against the violence of the barbarous intruder; it deserves to be remembered when so much else is perforce forgotten. So early as February, 1915, the French government prepared, under the general editorship of M. Lucien Poincaré, two splendid volumes entitled *La Science Française*, in which a succinct account was given, by a series of eminent experts, of the essential part which France has contributed, through the ages, to scientific progress of every kind. The vast subject is treated with that mixture of lightness and profundity which is the glory of French expression, and, without a word said in it about the war, was a lofty challenge to the presumption and arrogance of the foe.

On the most fertile and the most prominent section of book-production in France during those fatal years, I have not touched, because it was in the main remote from anything which we are in the habit of regarding as literature. But it was a matter of course that the counters of the book-shops, denuded of their customary furniture, should groan under heaps of more or less ephemeral productions directly relating to the war. These *ouvrages sur la guerre actuelle* were extremely numerous from the first, as soon, that is to say, as anything like book-manufacture could be resumed in Paris after the first dislocating convulsion. These *ouvrages de la guerre* took many forms. The gravest was that which undertook to expose the responsibility of Germany and the offenses of its treacherous diplomacy. Two eminent professors of the University were earliest in the field with treatises of high merit and large scope. Professor Ernest Denis, in *La Guerre*, analyzed the historical policy of Prussia; Professor Joseph Bedier, hitherto known by his enchanting reconstruction of the poem of *Tristram and Iseult*, devoted himself to the exposure of the crimes committed by the

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German soldiery in Belgium and afterwards in France. As the war went on, M. Bedier became recognized as the authority on everything connected with the air service. It was as if Sir James Frazer had dropped the Golden Bough and had revealed himself as a leading expert on submarines.

The outrages of the invader in destroying beautiful and ancient works of art, and, in particular, cathedrals and town halls, occupied another large section of the *ouvrages de la guerre*. The phalanx of avenging record was led, early after the occupation of Reims and Senlis, by M. Maurice Vachon, in his *Martyred Cities of France and Belgium*, which made a great sensation throughout Europe. He had numerous successors, and the history of all the systematic devastation of old towns and the destruction of monuments of art was carefully preserved in a number of publications from that time forward. It must not be forgotten, as we are apt so easily to forget, that Germany formed the deliberate design of wiping out the civilization, the art, and the soul of the French and Belgian nations, and of replacing it, when her conquest should be complete, by the mentality, the gross and formal *Kultur*, of the victorious Teuton race. It was necessary to preserve a minute record of the horrible mode in which she attempted to carry out this plan, and the time has now come when, with these documents before us, we have to force her to pay the bill so far as it can possibly be met.

Another department of these *ouvrages de la guerre* is filled to an almost bewildering degree by the letters, diaries, and observation of newspaper correspondents at the front and of the soldiers themselves in the trenches. Toward the end of 1915 these began to be very numerous, and they have increased ever since in a flood which defies any species of critical notice. In all this there was something, but not very much, that will prove of permanent value. The Minister of War publicly recommended to the army the reading of reports of heroism in the ranks, and this overcame the scruples of many families, who thereupon permitted the publication of the journals and correspondence of those young men who had fallen in the fighting. Many of these records, though pathetic and stimulating, were insignificant; but a few were raised by their dignity and passion to the rank of literature, and will doubtless be constantly referred to as typical of the spirit of France. Among these, so far as I may venture to judge, the memoirs of Paul Lintier lift him head and shoulders above the rest.

Even in these days it is impossible to consider the aspect of literature in France without glancing at the fortunes of the French Academy, and these in the present instance are very interesting. The wit who said that when the academicians were forty in number everybody attacked the Academy, and that when they were thirty-nine everybody flattered it, put his finger on a trait of human nature. There have been admirable writers who, for one reason or another, never secured election to the body, and their absence from the list is eagerly repeated by its opponents. But they omit to remark what a very poverty-stricken appearance the history of French literature would present if none of those who have belonged to the Academy had ever existed. Like all human institutions, the French Academy has suffered from its own prejudices and has been the victim of its own caprices, but, when the worst has been said about it, this remains true beyond challenge, that no corporate body in any country has represented the national literature so adequately as the French Academy

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has done that of France during nearly three hundred years.

The fortune of the Academy during the war has, therefore, a particular importance for us, and it presents this very extraordinary feature, namely, that during that comparatively short period it has lost by death nearly one fourth of its members. Never, since its corporation was shattered by the Revolution in 1793, has it suffered, within so brief a space, anything like so many and so serious losses. These losses were due to different immediate causes, but they were all without doubt accelerated by the anxiety and distress which the invasion created. The earliest victim of the war was the great critic, Jules Lemaître, one of the most delicate spirits of our time, and one of those who have presented literature in the most enchanting and alluring light; he died at his country seat from the shock of receiving news of the German declaration of hostilities. Count Albert de Mun, the ardent counter-revolutionist, who had thrown aside all interests save the united resistance of France, was found dead in his bed at the darkest hour of 1914, having just finished an article in which he asserted his unshaken confidence in victory. The venerable Alfred Mezières, who was in his eightieth year, was caught in his country house at Briey by the Germans, and no news of his fate reached Paris for many months; it is said that his death was hastened by the brutality of the invaders.

The mortality among the members of the French Academy during the year 1916 was very remarkable. To the novelist and dramatist, Paul Hervieu, and the publicist, Francis Charmes, followed in the summer the greatest of the living critics of France, and one of the most delightful of men, the beloved Émile Faguet. Two protagonists of the conservative section of the Academy were the Marquis de Ségur and the Marquis de Voguë. The latest losses of the body have been the perpetual secretary, Étienne Lamy, and the poet, Edmond Rostand, whose name and work are known all over the globe. Rostand, who died after a short illness only a few weeks ago, was a great loss to France and to the Academy. All the lucky fairies seemed to have gathered round his cradle, and his life had been spent in a long golden dream. Few men suffered more than he did from the war, which seemed to him a monstrous, incredible, and intolerable burden, a breaking up of the very foundations of existence. Fortunately, he survived just long enough to be enraptured by news of the signing of the armistice, but fate denied him the satisfaction of pouring out his gratitude in triumphant song. He died while the French were entering Strassburg, and while the long *De Profundis* of Alsace was being transfigured in a *Te Deum*.

These somewhat rambling reflections may be drawn to a close by a few remarks on the taste displayed by French readers during the war. Though books have been expensive and difficult to manufacture and distribute, there has been, especially since 1915, an unexampled appetite for reading. In particular, it has been remarked that the *poilus* showed a strong predilection for poetry that was not at all of a military stamp. The jubilee of the original publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal* came round in 1916, and was met by a highly surprising demand for editions, cheap and dear, of the poems of Baudelaire, than whom no one was less of a Tyrtæus. If I am correctly informed, there was a decline in the popularity of Racine, of Victor Hugo, even of Pascal, certainly of Renan; but it is well to be on our guard against statements of this kind. There are always melancholy people among ourselves who rush in

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with a long face to announce that nobody now reads Shakespeare and that Milton is forgotten. The immortals may be trusted, in spite of all fluctuations of fortune, to guard their own immortality.

What may perhaps be safely stated is this. Between August and November, 1914, nothing was written in France. There was a complete break in the national production of literature. All the attention of the country was concentrated on military tactics and political necessities. The intense seriousness of the civic and social conditions of the crisis cut off from ordinary topics the civilians at home no less than the soldiers at the front. After the opening months, the war justified much more hope than that of 1870 had ever done; but by that time the sphere of literary entertainment had partly narrowed. The remarkable religious revival, which marked large sections of the army in 1915, further modified the literary outlook. All these matters are difficult for a foreigner to note with exactitude. But we may at least recognize that, when the earliest strain was relaxed, there was a very distinct tendency to revise the literary values of the past generation. Style alone, irrespective of matter, was regarded with less reverence. We must not dogmatize, but it seems to me that those writers who have been prominent in encouraging the unity and the strength of France are now held in more honor, and those whose works exhale decadence and anarchy risk being condemned and rejected, whatever their previous success may have been. And so, in France throughout the war, literature also has been one of the formulas of sacrifice.

The Fortnightly Review

AN ESSAY ON DINNERS

SINCE Walker's *Original* (1835) there has been no classical treatise on the art of dining. And, indeed, the art, which has been rapidly disappearing for the last twenty years, has been dealt a blow by the war which we can only hope may not be mortal. For the only really good dinners, gastronomically and socially good, are those given in private houses. Owing to shortage of servants and material, the tumultuous and porcine banquets of the restaurant have replaced the old hospitality of the home, a unique feature of English life. But let us join the optimists, and cherish the belief that sooner or later we may be able once more to invite a few friends to our house, or to order a small dinner at a restaurant without being a millionaire. The club, by the way, is a compromise or halfway house between the home and the hotel.

Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, used to take a great deal of trouble with his men's dinners, which he gave regularly and called 'octaves.' But eight are too many, for this reason, that they break up into four *tête-à-têtes*, and if anything spoils conversation it is a number of *tête-à-têtes* going on all round; unless, of course, it is a really big dinner of twelve or more, when *tête-à-têtes* are unavoidable. We start from the assumption that the object of the dinner is conversation. If your object is to please or amuse a

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woman or women, the thing is different, but quite simple. Go to the smartest restaurant of the day, choose a table in the middle of the room, order anything, invite anybody. The women will be quite happy looking round the room, making mental notes on the dresses of other women, asking who is that? and doing just as much listening and answering as will suffice to 'carry on.' There is no art in giving dinners of this sort, and for us no pleasure in eating them.

But to give a dinner where good food and drink are to be combined with good talk is more difficult, and requires consideration. There can, we think, be no difference of opinion on the point that general conversation, that is, conversation in which all the guests take part by talking and listening across the table, is better than a number of duologues carried on simultaneously. It is impossible for four duologues to be carried on comfortably or profitably: the talkers are too near to one another, the waves of sound jangle, and the attention is distracted by overhearing your neighbors. On the other hand, the octave is just too large for general conversation: it involves the silence of too many; and that is why we condemn eight. Five is a good number, because the fifth person can't be left out in the cold. A quartette is admirable, because it admits of the alternation of two duets with a solo. Three, despite the proverb, is a perfect number: it prevents the pauses that sometimes occur in the duologue, and it gives each talker time to rest and eat. In final defense of general conversation, as opposed to the duologue, let us say that all men play better to a gallery, however small; and that a clever man will talk better to three, four, or five listeners than to one.

Having settled the number of your guests, which should not, in our judgment, exceed five, you must give your orders for the dinner, however small, as carefully as a general plans an advance. It is essential that you should leave nothing to the hour of eating, and that, having made all your arrangements beforehand, you should give your undivided attention at the table to the talk of your guests. Can anything be worse than a host who is all the time fussing about the service, and scolding the servants or waiters? A casual recommendation of a dish, or an occasional question about drink, is all that should distinguish the host from his guests. Is there a more maddening or a more common experience than the following? Just as you are approaching the point of your story, which, like all points, should be driven in shortly and sharply, your host says, 'Forgive me — one moment,' and then, turning to the servant, begins a dialogue of this sort: 'This champagne is too much iced; you know I told you not to put it in the ice more than half an hour before dinner,' etc. 'And, Pearson, the cigars I want are those Coronas I bought last week,' etc.; and then, turning back to you and your poor, suspended, mutilated story, 'I am so sorry: go on, go on!' This is barbarous, and comes of not giving all your orders beforehand. Lay your plans deep: issue your orders, take all precautions, and having done these things, lend your whole ear and mind to the conversation of your friends.

Having settled the number, and ordered the food and drink, there remains the question of the guests. Whom are you to ask to meet whom? Here again we must turn down a lying proverb. Birds of a feather do *not* flock together; at least, they ought not to dine together. Don't ask couples who cancel one another. Never, if you can help it, invite husband and wife together. If they love each other, they will have no eyes or ears for anybody else; and

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will help each other out with their stories, which is a bore. If they hate each other, they will watch each other, listen, and try to quarrel. We have seen a wife throw her napkin across the table at her husband's head. This, too, is a bore. Asked separately, the husband or wife might be charming.

Never ask a Jew to meet a Jew, or a lawyer to meet a lawyer, or a stockbroker to meet a stockbroker, or a Canadian to meet a Canadian, or an American to meet an American. The last person that a Canadian or an American wants to meet at dinner is another Canadian or American. There is always a risk in asking one wit, or famous talker, to meet another: one or the other will be silenced. We have been told that Labouchere and Mr. Belloc met at table, and that Mr. Belloc, being the younger and the stouter, reduced one of the most amusing talkers of his day to a resigned aphasia.

Encourage a guest to talk 'shop,' for a man always talks best on his own subject. Never attempt to recount the plot of a play you have just seen, or a novel you have just read: it is endless. Let your stories be short, and like those which Jupiter told Ixion, let them be 'not scandalous, but gay.' We admit that our prescriptions are for male dinners. For we have witnessed two or three clever men engaged in most interesting talk, when a woman appeared, and the conversation suddenly turned into baby's prattle. This may have been the fault of the men as much as of the woman, for most men in the presence of women betray their origin by spreading their tails and uttering inane sexual cries. But it must be said that a good woman talker is very rare; for either she does n't listen — her commonest foible — or she is what Johnson called 'a speaking cat.' Mrs. Crewe must have been a good talker, for she was invited alone to snug little men's dinners of Whig stalwarts, at one of which when they gave 'Mrs. Crewe and true blue,' she at once replied, 'True blue and all of you.' And she dined alone with Burke when he lounged sadly and wearily on the table, being near his end. Mrs. Thrale, even judging from the scraps given by the jealous Boswell, must have been a man's talker. Our advice to the dinner-giver is that, if he knows a Mrs. Crewe or a Mrs. Thrale, he should not be afraid to invite her alone to meet three or four men. What the *petit souper* was to Paris in the eighteenth century, the little dinner ought to be to London. Here is a career open to tact!

The Saturday Review

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MEREDITH REVEALED

BY ROBERT LYND

GEORGE MEREDITH, as his friends used to tell one with amusement, was a vain man. Someone has related how, in his later years, he regarded it as a matter of extreme importance that his visitors should sit in a position from which they would see his face in profile. This is symbolic of his attitude to the world. All his life he kept one side of his face hidden. Mr. Ellis, who is the son of one of Meredith's cousins, now takes us for a walk round Meredith's chair. No longer are we permitted to remain in restful veneration of 'a god and a Greek.' Mr. Ellis invites us — and we cannot refuse the invitation — to look at the other side of the face, to consider the full face and the back of the head. He encourages us to feel Meredith's bumps, and no man whose bumps we are allowed to feel can continue for five minutes the pretense of being an Olympian. He becomes a human being under a criticizing thumb. We discover that he had a genius for imposture, an egoist's temper, and a stomach that fluttered greedily at the thought of dainty dishes. We find all those characteristics that prevented him from remaining on good terms, first with his father, next with his wife, and then with his son. At first, when one reads the full story of Meredith's estrangements through three generations, one has the feeling that one is in the presence of an idol in ruins. Certainly, one can never mistake Box Hill for Olympus again. On the other hand, let us but have time to accustom ourselves to see Meredith in other aspects than that which he himself chose to present to his contemporaries,— let us begin to see in him not so much one of the world's great comic censors, as one of the world's great comic subjects,— and we shall soon find ourselves back among his books, reading them no longer with tedious awe, but with a new passion of interest in the figure-in-the-background of the complex human being who wrote them.

For Meredith was his own great subject. Had he been an Olympian, he could not have written *The Egoist* or *Harry Richmond.* He was an egoist and pretender, coming of a line of egoists and pretenders, and his novels are simply the confession and apology of such a person. Meredith concealed the truth about himself in his daily conversation; he revealed it in his novels. He made such a mystery about his birth that many people thought he was a cousin of Queen Victoria's, or at least a son of Bulwer Lytton's. It was only in *Evan Harrington* that he told the essentials of the truth about the tailor's shop in Portsmouth above which he was born. Outside his art, nothing would persuade him to own up to the tailor's shop. Once, when Mr. Clodd was filling in a census-paper for him, Meredith told him to put 'near Petersfield' as his place of birth. The fact that he was born at Portsmouth was not publicly known, indeed, until some time after his death. And not only was there the tailor's shop to live down, but on his mother's side he was the grandson of a publican, Michael Macnamara. Meredith liked to boast that his mother was 'pure Irish'

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— an exaggeration, according to Mr. Ellis—but he said nothing about Michael Macnamara of *The Vine*. At the same time, it was the presence, not of a bar sinister, but of a yardstick sinister in his coat of arms that chiefly filled him with shame. When he was marrying his first wife he wrote 'Esquire' in the register as a description of his father's profession. There is no evidence, apparently, as to whether Meredith himself ever served in the tailor's shop after his father moved from Portsmouth to St. James's Street, London. Nothing is known of his life during the two years after his return from the Moravian school at Neuwied. As for his hapless father (who had been trained as a medical student but went into the family business in order to save it from ruin), he did not succeed in London any better than in Portsmouth, and in 1849 he emigrated to South Africa and opened a shop in Cape Town. It was while in Cape Town that he read Meredith's ironical comedy on the family tailordom, *Evan Harrington; or He Would Be a Gentleman*. Naturally, he regarded the book (in which his father and himself were two of the chief figures) with horror. It was as though George had washed the family tape-measure in public. Augustus Meredith, no less than George, blushed for the tape-measure daily. Probably, Melchizedek Meredith, who begat Augustus, who begat George, had also blushed for it in his day. As the great 'Mel' in *Evan Harrington*, he is an immortal figure of genteel imposture. His lordly practice of never sending in a bill was hardly that of a man who accepted the conditions of his trade. In *Evan Harrington* three generations of a family's shame were held up to ridicule. No wonder that Augustus Meredith, when he was congratulated by a customer on his son's fame, turned away silently, with a look of pain.

The comedy of the Meredith family springs, of course, not from the fact that they were tailors, but that they pretended not to be tailors. Whether Meredith himself was more ashamed of their tailoring or their pretentiousness it is not easy to decide. Both *Evan Harrington* and *Harry Richmond* are, in a measure, comedies of imposture, in which the vice of imposture is lashed as fiercely as Molière lashes the vice of hypocrisy in *Tartuffe*. But it may well be that in life Meredith was a snob, while in art he was a critic of snobs. Mr. Yeats, in his last book of prose, put forward the suggestion that the artist reveals in his art, not his 'self' (which is expressed in his life), but his 'anti-self,' a complementary and even contrary self. He might find in the life and works of Meredith some support for his not quite convincing theory. Meredith was an egoist in his life, an anti-egoist in his books. He was pretentious in his life, anti-pretentious in his books. He took up the attitude of the wronged man in his life; he took up the case of the wronged woman in his books. In short, his life was vehemently pro-George-Meredith, while his books were vehemently anti-George-Meredith. He knew himself more thoroughly, so far as we can discover from his books, than any other English novelist has ever done.

He knew himself comically, no doubt, rather than tragically. In *Modern Love* and *Richard Feverel* he reveals himself as by no means a laughing philosopher; but he strove to make fiction a vehicle of philosophic laughter rather than of passionate sympathy. Were it not that a great poetic imagination is always at work,— in his prose, perhaps, even more than in his verse,— his genius might seem a little cold and head-in-the-air. But his poet's joy in his characters saves his books from inhumanity. As Diana Warwick steps out in

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the dawn she is not a mere female human being undergoing critical dissection; she is bird-song and the light of morning and the coming of the flowers. Meredith had as great a capacity for rapture as for criticism and portraiture. He has expressed in literature as no other novelist has done the rapturous vision of a boy in love. He knew that a boy in love is not mainly a calf but a poet. *Love in a Valley* is the incomparable music of a boy's ecstasy. Much of *Richard Feverel* is its incomparable prose. Rapture and criticism, however, make a more practical combination in literature than in life. In literature, criticism may add flavor to rapture; in life, it is more likely to destroy the flavor. One is not surprised, then, to learn the full story of Meredith's first unhappy marriage. A boy of twenty-one, he married a widow of thirty, high-strung, hot, and satirical like himself; and after a depressing sequence of dead babies, followed by the birth of a son who survived, she found life with a man of genius intolerable, and ran away with a painter. Meredith apparently refused her request to go and see her when she was dying. His imaginative sympathy enabled him to see the woman's point of view in poetry and fiction; it does not seem to have extended to his life. Thus, his biography is to a great extent a 'showing-up' of George Meredith. He proved as incapable of keeping the affection of his son Arthur, as of keeping that of his wife. Much as he loved the boy, he had not been married again long before he allowed him to become an alien presence. The boy felt he had a grievance. He said — probably without justice — that his father kept him short of money. Possibly he was jealous for his dead mother's sake. Further, though put into business, he had literary ambitions — a prolific source of bitterness. When Arthur died, Meredith did not even attend his funeral.

Mr. Ellis has shown Meredith up, not only as a husband and a father, but as a hireling journalist and a lark-devouring gourmet! On the whole, the poet who could eat larks in a pie seems to me to be a more shocking 'great man' than the Radical who could write Tory articles in a newspaper for pay. At the same time, it is only fair to say that Meredith remains a sufficiently splendid figure in Mr. Ellis's book even when we know the worst about him. Was his a generous genius? It was at least a prodigal one. As poet, novelist, correspondent, and conversationalist, he leaves an impression of beauty, wit, and power in a combination without a precedent.

The Nation

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

GERMANY'S MERCHANT FLEET

THE *Kölnische Zeitung* publishes an article about the present state of Germany's mercantile fleet. When war broke out, Germany had at her disposal 5,500,000 tons. Almost 3,500,000 tons were abroad, unable to reach a home port. Out of these 3,500,000 2,500,000 succeeded in escaping to neutral ports, where they enjoyed the right of asylum. The following figures, representing thousands of tons, indicate the German tonnage in the various countries: United States, 620; Chile, 320; Brazil, 239; Portugal and colonies, 230; Netherlands and colonies, 180; Spain and colonies, 207; Italy and colonies, 170; Turkey, 73; Argentine, 64; Norway, 50; Peru, 43; Uruguay, 43; Mexico, 38; China, 21; Greece, 18; Siam, 18; Cuba, 16; Colombia, 15; and Danish colonies, 8. Eight thousand tons were in Austria. Five hundred and fifty thousand tons, being in enemy ports, were confiscated, while 324,000 were taken as prizes. The more than 2,000,000 tons at home were increased by 125,000 tons by the rapid conquest of Belgium, 75,000 tons in Russia were recaptured, while Germany succeeded in bringing home 24,000 tons from Norway. Turkey joined the Central Empires, by which 73,000 tons were secured, though not coming to Germany. Later, 33,000 tons in Turkey were lost through enemy action, while at present the remaining 40,000 tons, and 25,000 out of the 75,000 recaptured in Russia (being in the Black Sea), are in the enemy's hands as a result of the armistice conditions, though they remain German property.

From these figures it appears that more than 2,250,000 tons are at home. Of the aforesaid countries only Chile, Holland, Spain, Argentina, Norway, Peru, Uruguay, Mexico, Colombia, and the Danish colonies remained neutral. The more than 950,000 tons in these countries ought to have been safe; but, nevertheless, Germany has to record losses. Peru and Uruguay confiscated all German vessels; Chile and Argentina did the same as to some merchantmen, while Germany had to deliver 60,000 tons to Holland and Spain as compensation for vessels sunk. The 8,000 tons in the Danish colonies changed ownership with those colonies.

At present 725,000 German tons are still lying in neutral ports. This, added to the tonnage at home, gives a total of 3,000,000 tons gross untouched German property. The *Kölnische Zeitung* considers the 400,000 tons confiscated by Italy and Portugal as German property, as both these countries seized the German merchantmen before they themselves had entered the war. The 225,000 tons confiscated by countries which remained neutral are also German property, as well as the aforesaid 65,000 tons in Turkey and in the Black Sea, though they are in enemy hands at present. 'As peace will be dictated to Germany,' the *Kölnische Zeitung* says, there are no prospects that Germany will get back the 1,500,000 tons seized by enemy countries, or the 324,000 tons which are prizes. This tonnage — amounting to more than 1,800,000 tons, of which 700,000 were sunk by Germany's war measures — must be considered lost.

Summarizing, the *Kölnische* concludes that out of the 5,500,000 tons

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of Germany's merchant fleet 3,700,000 tons are still German property. Out of this amount 2,250,000 are at home or in the immediate vicinity; 750,000 tons are untouched in neutral ports; 625,000 tons have been confiscated by neutrals for their use; while 65,000 are in enemy hands in connection with the armistice conditions. The remainder, being 1,800,000 tons, must be considered lost. Taking into account that out of the vessels at home 250,000 tons have been lost in war-service, then 3,500,000 are still German property. To this should be added the vessels newly constructed during the war, estimated at least at 1,000,000 tons. Consequently, the total tonnage of Germany's merchant fleet is about 4,500,000 tons. The *Kölnische* remarks: 'Of course, it is not to be anticipated what will really remain to us,' and ends by suggesting the release of the whole of this shipping space, this being a plain demand of humanity for the revictualing of the country.

The Morning Post

THE NEED OF AN INTER-ALLIED FINANCIAL LEAGUE

BY EDMOND THÉRY

Editor of L'Économiste Européen

By the latest estimate, the war has cost the Entente nations down to December 31, 1918, about 650,000,000,000 francs, of which more than half (in the form of unliquidated expenditure, banknotes, and short-term Treasury notes) has still to be refunded.

After the treaty of peace has been signed, the wealthiest of these nations will try to improve the quality of their money in circulation as quickly as possible and to adjust their financial status to the gold standard which, since the demonetization of silver by Germany in 1872, that is to say, for the last forty-seven years, has been the only medium of international exchange.

This adjustment will increase the difficulties which the less fortunate nations will encounter in converting into gold, pounds-sterling, dollars, or francs, the debts which they will have to collect from Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey — debts on which they rely, however, to pay the debts which they themselves have contracted in the course of the war, whether to their wealthy allies or to neutral countries.

Thus the conversion by each nation of the war-damages to be paid by the *Quadruplice* is likely to arouse among the nations of the Entente an antagonism which Germany would inevitably make the most of, to attempt to evade all or part of her engagements.

Such competition between the Allies would be an unpardonable blunder, for it would divide them after a few years; whereas, a *common fund for the liquidation of enemy debts* would have the immense advantage of maintaining for a long time the great principles of alliance and solidarity which have united them in the defense of the right and of the liberty of the peoples, and which finally have given them the victory.

As early as 1916, following the difficulties with which the Allied nations would be confronted, in case of an individual liquidation of their war-debts, I wrote in *L'Économiste Européen* of November 17 of that year:

> In order to avoid the possibility that the wealthy nations, by settlements on their own account, may involuntarily sacrifice the interests of those Allied nations which enjoy less exterior credit, it is indispensable that the expenditure and all the damages incurred by them, which are a direct result of the war, should be grouped together in the form of a *unified debt*, including all such expenditure and damages, and having the *combined guaranty* of the nine Allied nations.
>
> We will discuss here neither the amount nor the form of the international liquidation loan which will take care of the *unified debt*, but will point out that it must be created, issued, and administered by a *special bank*,

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the managing council of which will include a representative from each Allied nation.

Each of these nations will receive from the special bank that portion of the capital of the international loan corresponding to the amount of its war-debts and damages; and this portion will enable its government to convert at par the loans contracted on account of the war within its own limits, also to turn into cash damages duly verified.

Each nation being responsible with respect to its co-Allies, for the fraction of the international loan which will thus have been assigned to it, will be debited every three months by the special bank with the amount of interest and the share of the sinking fund corresponding to its quota of the *unified debt*.

But the special bank will likewise collect, for the account of the Allied nations, the amount of the indemnities which those nations have been able to lay upon their enemies. These collections will diminish the amount of the arrears which each Allied nation will have to pay into the special bank. It is the system of contingent quotas (*matricula*) which the Imperial German Treasury, before the war, collected from the confederated States.

In order to guarantee to each of the Allied nations the stability of its exchange, each one of them will adjust with the special bank the amount of its arrears in its own national money, reckoned at a parity with gold; and, reciprocally, the coupons and matured bonds of the liquidation loan will be payable in national money to be accepted at a parity with gold, in all the Allied nations.

There will thus be established, within each one of the groups of the Allied nations a financial adjustment which will improve the foreign credit of each country, which will facilitate considerably their reciprocal economic and financial relations, and, for that very reason, will make gold much less necessary to them.

This plan was at the time considered too daring by some and unreasonable by others; but would it not be well to-day to examine it thoroughly, or, at least, to segregate that part of it relating to the collection and conversion in common of the debts to be recovered from the enemy for all the nations of the Entente as a whole?

To sum up — in order to obtain a prompt performance of the financial engagements entered into in their favor, the nations of the Entente must form among themselves a genuine financial alliance, creating a special organization which shall collect for the common account all sums to be received from the four enemy countries, and transform these credits into liquidation bonds, to be distributed to each of the Allies entitled thereto.

All the countries of the Entente which join in a common guaranty of the special bank's operations of conversion will be able to use the bonds issued by this bank as a means of adjusting the financial operations that took place between them during hostilities.

Just as Germany imposed upon France, in 1871, the expense of conversion into gold-credits, or into American, English, French, Italian, Belgian money, so the conversion of marks, crowns, *levs*, or Turkish pounds, will be at the expense of the debtor countries.

Unity of action on a united front has shown the nations of the Entente the immense advantage which a close grouping of their military forces must necessarily afford them: *unity of liquidation* of their war-debts will enable them in the same way,—rich and poor alike,—to adjust rapidly their financial status under most favorable conditions.

The less fortunate nations will thus benefit by the credit of the richest; but the latter will find it to their advantage in this way, that *unity of liquidation* of the said debt will have the result of assuring in practice, for many years, the principle of the moral and material alliance which has united them so happily during the war.

An *individual adjustment* would produce results diametrically contrary to these. It must be avoided at any cost; for Germany would profit by it to try to take her revenge.

Le Figaro

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TALK OF EUROPE

BOLSHEVIKI AT THE THEATRE

A RUSSIAN newspaper reproduces the following description of theatrical life in Moscow by a dramatic critic who recently visited the city:

Theatrical life in Moscow is curious. The audience consists of the democracy of the city, and the price is — anything. This is the kind of thing that happens nowadays at the theatre. A few days ago a play was being acted at the Korsh. At the end of the first act some Soviet deputies strolled into the theatre, and sat down, to find that the first act had finished. They immediately demanded it to be started again, and this had to be done.

The same evening at the Khudozhestvenni Theatre, just before the commencement of the play, the manager was summoned to the telephone, and was informed that in consequence of the late arrival of some Soviet deputies the curtain must not go up for half an hour. He was obliged to carry out these orders. At the end of half an hour the telephone bell again rang, and he was informed that a further postponement of an hour must take place. It was explained that the actors and actresses were all ready and were growing nervous at the delay, and that the audience was becoming restless; but the only reply received was that, if the order was not carried out, the theatre would be closed forthwith. The management gave in.

The nationalization of all the Moscow theatres is imminent.

THE END OF THE U-BOATS

IT is learned that a number of the German submarines, which since the great surrender have been lying in British ports, are to be handed over to Allied Governments. Some of the boats are being sent to Italy, Japan, and other countries. The Government has agreed to the sale by the Admiralty of a large number of others, and, in accordance with this decision, 47 are being disposed of by tender, with the important stipulation that they must be broken up. Among the submarines being sold are under-surface craft of all sizes and descriptions, from the small coastal boat to the big ocean-going submarines which operated against the British Fleet in the Atlantic and other waters. They are lying at Harwich, Chatham, Portland, and other ports, complete as handed over by the Germans. It is understood that certain engine parts will be removed before they leave the possession of the Admiralty.

Twenty-five of the boats were sold recently by the Admiralty to Messrs. George Cohen, Sons, and Co., shipbreakers, etc., of Commercial Road, E. They are the U 80, UB 25, UB 34, UB 49, UB 50, UB 51, UB 62, UB 87, UB 77, UB 79, UB 105, U 24, U 43, U 52, U 53, U 60, UB 31, UB 60, U 107, U 164, U 105, UB 149, U 100, UB 120, and UB 132. Among the boats above-mentioned are submarines of a number of different types. U 164 is one of the ocean-going submarines 228 feet in length, of 800 tons displacement. The smaller craft are of the 250-ton type.

Interviewed recently, Mr. Laurence Levy, one of the partners of the firm of Messrs. G. Cohen and Sons, said: 'All the submarines sold to us are to be broken up, and the Diesel engines will be removed. Those were two of the conditions of sale. The boats are very much as the Germans left them, and in some cases the torpedoes are still on board. The breaking-up operations will occupy several weeks, and will make available large quantities of steel, iron, copper, etc. The boats would have little value for cargo or other similar purposes. The purchase price ran into several thousands of pounds.'

Although the boats have been disposed of as scrap-iron, it is understood that some of the material may be used for the manufacture of mementos of the submarine war.

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LE MOT JUSTE

His many admirers will rejoice to hear that Professor Saintsbury — the Grand Old Man of Literary Criticism — escaped from his recent accident with nothing worse than bruises. As he explained the accident to a friend, the motor cut his legs from under him, and he was carried along, sprawling on the bonnet and objurgating the chauffeur. When the car finally stopped, the man said very calmly: 'You ought to thank God, sir'; whereupon the Professor replied: 'So I do; but I damn you!'

VON BETHMANN AND THE KAISER

The *Kreuzzeitung* publishes the following letter from the former Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg:

A letter was published recently in the *Kreuzzeitung* dealing with the demand which has repeatedly been made in the enemy press for the extradition of the German Emperor, and quite rightly pointing out the well-known constitutional responsibility of the Imperial Chancellor for the policy of the Empire. The letter wishes that I would state my willingness to appear before a Hague Court of Arbitration, appointed by neutral States, and to submit to its verdict.

Allow me to recall what I have already stated in an interview published in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (November 27, 1918):

'I long for the day when I can help the truth to victory, before an impartial State Court of Justice, which should of course have all the material placed at its disposal by both sides.'

Naturally, in so doing, I claim that my legal responsibility for the Emperor's political actions should be made the basis of its decision by a neutral State Court of Justice also.

NEWS OF THE WANDERING JEW?

Is the Wandering Jew to be added to the legends of the war? A conversation overheard recently between two soldiers in a train suggests the possibility of the emergence of that strange character in a war setting. The soldier who told the story related how one day he came alone to a Flemish village. He could not make himself understood, and at last the villagers brought to him a most ancient Jew, who did speak a little English 'of an old-fashioned kind.'

This ancient Jew was evidently regarded by the people as a wonderful personality. The soldier said to the old man that he must have lived a long time. 'Yes,' said the Jew, 'ages — ages!' 'Then you've seen a lot and gone through a lot, I expect,' the soldier went on. 'I have,' said the Jew solemnly, 'but I cannot die.' 'Do you want to die?' 'Yes, but I cannot, I cannot die.' And all the villagers, standing round in a ring, nodded their heads to confirm his words —'Yes, he cannot die.'

TOSSING THE PANCAKE

Somewhere far back in mediæval times the custom of scrambling for a pancake and a prize at Westminster School on Shrove Tuesday had its origin. There is considerable doubt about the date, and the story that Henry VIII and his Court once attended in state to witness it is unauthenticated; but in future the history of the famous and ancient school will record that in peace year the King, the Queen, the Heir to the Throne, and Prince Albert, with the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, visited Westminster specially to witness the Shrove Tuesday ceremony, and that the King personally handed the prize of one guinea to the scholar securing either the pancake or the major part of it.

Before noon, parents, scholars, old boys, and a few specially invited guests assembled in the school hall, and the competitors for the pancake prize took their places. They were a couple of dozen stalwart lads, elected by their school comrades, and taken, one from each form. Presently a guard of honor, supplied by the school O.T.C., marched into the hall, followed by Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, and the Right Honorable Sir Derek Keppel, Master of the Household.

The King and Queen arrived at 12.30, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, and attended by the Earl of Jersey (Lord in Waiting), the Dowager Countess of Airlie (Lady in Waiting), and Major Reginald Seymour (Equerry in Attendance). The King wore Field-Marshal's

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uniform, and the Princes the uniforms of their respective regiments. The Royal visitors were received by the Dean of Westminster and Doctor Gow, the headmaster of the school. The band played the National Anthem, and then the King proceeded to inspect the guard of honor. When all was in readiness for the competition, the competitors were moved forward into the middle of the cleared space, and the school cook appeared on the scene carrying the pancake in the frying-pan. He was presented to the King and Queen, held out his pancake for close inspection, then gravely retired to his position behind the competitors and behind the bar, but almost immediately beneath it.

There has been some misunderstanding about that bar. It is not erected for the occasion, but is the dividing-line between the upper and lower schools. One crosses the hall about fifteen feet above the floor, and the other perhaps eight or ten feet higher. If the cook pitches his pancake over the upper bar custom entitles him to claim two guineas, but if he only gets above the lower bar — no mean feat — his reward is a single guinea. If he fails to reach either, he is promptly 'booked,' which means that every scholar among the sightseers will pitch at his head a book provided for that particular purpose. This cook made no mistake. He swung his pan aloft, and the cake, leaving it whole and quite flat, soared into the air and crossed between the two bars at a height of about twenty feet.

Immediately it reached the floor the twenty-four competitors were rolling, struggling, and squirming in one confused heap, to the intense amusement of Their Majesties. At the end of the melée D. Moonan, of 'College,' a King's scholar, emerged disheveled, but victorious, with the pancake stowed away somewhere inside his jacket. The Dean produced the traditional guinea, and at his request the King took it and handed it to the winner. The remainder of the proceedings was of more formal character. The masters were presented, the various school captains were called up to speak to the King and Queen, and the boys, at the call of Doctor Gow, gave hearty cheers for the visitors.

JENNY'S NEW BROTHER

LITTLE can be done these days in the British Isles, by land or sea, without the potent intervention of one of the Geddes Brethren. The Islamic Chant, which consoled true believers in the Business Faith during the dark days of the war: 'Brainy is Eric and Auckland is his brother,' is heard again now as the Brethren, to the blare of press trumpets, march to take over roads, canals, railways, and docks. The Australian soldier may be excused who, being shown, among the sights of Edinburgh, the church where Jenny Geddes threw a stool at a 'Popish parson's' head, inquired innocently, 'Was she Sir Eric Geddes's sister?'

A LETTER FROM LORD LANSDOWNE

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

SIR, — The writer of your leading article of to-day does me an injustice. In commenting upon the speech which I made in the House of Lords on March 6, as to the economic situation in Central Europe, he says:

'Lord Lansdowne thought the war was lost and that we had best agree with the adversary quickly. But he was mistaken then, and it is just possible he may be mistaken now.'

The writer of the article, like many other people, has in his mind not what I actually said or wrote, but what I was supposed to have said or written, in the winter of 1917-1918. I never said or thought that the war was lost. On the contrary, I said that we were fighting 'to inflict signal defeat upon the Central Powers.' I continued:

'We are not going to lose this war, but its prolongation will spell ruin for the civilized world, and an infinite addition to the load of human suffering which already weighs upon it. Security will be invaluable to a world which has the vitality to profit by it; but what will be the value of the blessings of peace to nations so exhausted that they can scarcely stretch out a hand with which to grasp them?'

It was for this reason, and in order to avoid what I described as 'a world-wide catastrophe,' that I desired to explore, without loss of time or missing an opportunity, every avenue by which it might be possible to arrive at 'a clean peace based on

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adequate reparation and giving adequate security for the future.'

I find it difficult to resist the conclusion that the 'world-wide catastrophe' is approaching. The writer of the article says that 'the terrible things Lord Lansdowne foresees may not happen.' Some of those which I foresaw in 1917 have happened already, and others, unless I am much mistaken, are going to happen now. Sir John Beale's warning in the *Times* of the 5th instant is ominous.

In your article it is apparently suggested that because Germany is to blame for this war and its ruthlessness, we need not overmuch concern ourselves with the sufferings of her starving people. That, I am glad to think, is not the view of His Majesty's Government. Mr. G. H. Roberts, the Food Controller, in a statement made at Newcastle-on-Tyne yesterday, spoke as follows:

'From information which reaches me, from absolutely unimpeachable authority, the situation in great tracts of Europe is nothing less than tragic . . . the question now arises whether we shall be able to get sufficient food to those countries in time to prevent a catastrophe. . . . I pray it may be possible for us to concert such emergency measures as may stave off impending disaster. Clearly, we cannot complacently watch Europe starving and feed ourselves to the full. That is not the spirit of this nation.'

Mr. Roberts is, I think, a better exponent of the spirit of the nation than the writer of your article.—Yours, etc.,

Lansdowne.

Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square,
March 8.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Amid the turmoil of gossip, propaganda, praise, opinion, and abuse which now passes as news from Russia, occasional calmer voices have been heard, warning the world to look to the Red Army, which the Bolsheviki have been organizing amid disorganization. The latest news appears to confirm the reports of those observers who declared the Red Army to be a powerful fighting force; and though the Allied troops in Russia may not be in deadly peril, it is now frankly admitted that their situation is far from secure. Trotzky's speech on the Bolshevik army being not only the most important document to reach us from Russian sources, but also the only official account of the Bolshevik army, its history, organization, and purposes, THE LIVING AGE reprints this rare and most important paper for its readers.

* * *

Sir Frederick Maurice, a distinguished soldier, was attached to the British General Staff, but forfeited his place because of a criticism of the Premier. He is now lecturing in America.

* * *

Kurt Oscar Müller is on the staff of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a journal of Conservative sympathies.

* * *

'Revolutionary Days' is a very illuminating description of sentiment in Alsace at the time of the revolution, a description which is the more significant because it comes from a German officer.

* * *

Edmund Gosse is one of the best-known English critics of literature.

* * *

Robert Lynd is literary editor of the *Daily News*.

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IF I HAD RIDDEN HORSES

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

If I had ridden horses in the lists,
Fought wars, gone pilgrimage to fabled lands,
Seen Pharaoh's drinking cups of amethysts,
Held dead queens' secret jewels in my hands,—
I would have laid my triumphs at your feet,
And worn with no ignoble pride my scars. . . .
But I can only offer you, my sweet,
The songs I made on many a night of stars.

Yet have I worshiped honor, loving you;
Your graciousness and gentle courtesy,
With ringing and romantic trumpets blew
A mighty music through the heart of me,—
A joy as cleansing as the wind that fills
The open spaces on the sunny hills.

The New Witness

REMEMBRANCE

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

Let not the world remember you,
By any greater thing or less,
Than that upon a reed I blew
A song to praise your loveliness!

Let not the world remember me
(If immortality should crown
A line of verse, when empery
In the vast waves of time goes down)

By any greater thing or less,
Than one good song I made and sung
To praise your love and loveliness,
One evening when the world was young!

The New Witness

NIGHT AND NIGHT

BY JOHN FREEMAN

The earth is purple in the evening light,
The grass is graver green.
The gold among the meadows darker glows,
In the quieted air the blackbird sings more loud.
The sky has lost its rose —
Nothing more than this candle now shines bright.

Were there but natural night how easy were
The putting-by of sense
At the day's end, and if no heavier air
Came o'er the mind in a thick-falling cloud.
But now there is no light
Within; and to this innocent night how dark my night!

The New Statesman

WINTER MORNING

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

The stars faded out of the paling sky,
Dropped through the waters; still the Morning Star
Grew brighter and brighter, and as day was nigh
A pure wind troubled the rushes near and far.

No bird was yet awake, only the duck
Homed to the little lake fed full with streams.
Strange and unreal how the morning broke
On a still world, such as God saw in dreams.

The austere, still-life world was beautiful,
Lit by one burning torch of purest flame.
Home from what hidden haunts, what secret pool?
Green-crested, emerald-winged, the wild duck came.

The Dublin Review

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